EDWARD BOLTWOOD
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

4 vols
20.-

EDWARD BOLTWO
PITTSFIELD, MAS

EDWARD BOLTWOOD
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

EDWARD HOLTWOOD
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS OWN LIFE,

BY

TATE WILKINSON,

PATENTEE OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, YORK & HULL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

——IF I HAD HELD MY PEN BUT HALF AS WELL AS I HAVE HELD MY BOTTLE——WHAT A CHARMING HAND I SHOULD HAVE WROTE BY THIS TIME!

VOL. II.

YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By WILSON, SPENCE, and MAWMAN;

And sold by G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row;

and T. and J. EGERTON, Whitehall, London.

Anno 1790.

RS
927.9242
W65 (v.2)
69841
Gift
Col. U.C.

MEMOIRS

OF

TATE WILKINSON.

THE winter of the year 1758, was productive of many material theatrical revolutions. A ſudden and unforeſeen ſtroke happened at Drury-Lane, by the unexpected loſs of Mr. Woodward, the entire ſupport of all the comedies where Mr. Garrick was not concerned, as his Marplot, Foppington, Sir Fopling Flutter, Duretete, bore teſtimony; and he was of great importance in many where Mr. Garrick *was* principal; ſuch as his never equalled Bobadil and Mercutio, Mr. Garrick being Kitely and Romeo; all the pantomime department reſted entirely on the ſhoulders of Woodward. In ſhort, the loſs of that gentleman was ſuch, as put ſo dangerous a hatchet to the tree as made the old bark to tremble, not only for its

branches; but an alarm even of the cutting up the root of the venerable oak, that had flouriſhed on that ſacred ſpot, and which had been dedicated to the Muſes for ages, and ſtood many a threatening blaſt and tempeſt. Had they not at that juncture been remarkably feeble at Covent-Garden, by the loſs of Barry and others, the tears of Old Madam Drury would have had additional cauſe to flow. Woodward, not to his praiſe or wiſdom be it recorded, left his enviable ſituation, being in poſſeſſion of every comfort and affluence, and ſecure of the hearts and ſmiles of the public, and on terms of amity with Mr. Garrick; yet with all theſe advantages he fled, which he never repented but once, and that for altogether. Woodward and Barry ſeduced from both the theatres, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, formerly Miſs Minors, (both living now I believe) Mr. Jefferſon, Mr. Vernon, and alſo ſeveral uſeful performers, a ſevere cut in a regular catalogue of ſtock-acting plays.

That the loſs of ſo many performers, with Woodward at the head of ſuch a deſertion from the royal ſtandard, was conſiderably felt is certain; but Garrick's name was a tower of ſtrength: He therefore in a great degree ſtopped the breach by his own force, preſenting himſelf early after this revolt, not only in his characters of never failing

command of attraction, but by producing himself as a new Marplot, &c. and this chasm in his theatrical army, obliged him as a wise general to be more pliant, and enter into an engagement with Foote on his own terms, with me to act in his diversions of the morning. Revolutions in the real state, occasion the same compliance from policy, and like Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal has its sudden changes of government; instances need not be traced to shew the *ins* and the *outs*.

Mr. Garrick had that year, during the summer vacation, met accidentally with a young gentleman, an intimate friend of mine, with whom (on the loss of Woodward) he took infinite pains, and formed a great partiality and friendship for him. He made his first appearance that year at Drury-Lane in Captain Brazen, in the Recruiting Officer, early in the month of October. I dined that day with my old acquaintance Mrs. Wier, near Pall-Mall (mentioned long before) of Harrow; to this lady I shall again have occasion to recur. With Mrs. Wier lodged not a young lady, though named *Miss* Roach, and in truth, an affected, bold, *artful*, (I dare not say plain) rude, disagreeable, woman; with Mrs. Wier dined also Mr. Baker, manager of the York company. Here I refer to an instance in the early part of this work; and remark how useful at-

tentive civility turns out, from whence there can be no reaſon at the time to expect an advantage. My good behaviour, when I was thirteen or fourteen years old to this Mrs. Wier, grew into a laſting eſteem which continued the acquaintance, and was the whole and ſole occaſion of bringing about, by that accidental meeting, my being manager of the York theatre.

For ſtrangers of any reputation were then never admitted to play at York or Hull; which rule had I abided by, thoſe ſtages had been on a more ſolid foundation than at the preſent day. I perceived while at dinner an oddity of humour and manner in this elderly gentleman, that demanded reſpect and eſteem; and I alſo felt really an attachment for his apparent marks of worth and benevolence; this led into a ſtrict intimacy, while the old gentleman remained his few days in London.——He wiſhed I would viſit him at York as a friend (I was not known at that time in London as a performer); and I regretted the loſs of that worthy character when he left the capital. After dinner we took a coach from Pall-Mall to the theatre, and when arrived there hundreds were on their return—No room—no room, was the cry from every part of the houſe! Mr. Baker, with the ladies returned home; but, I from privilege, of courſe had admiſſion behind the ſcenes.

My friend was received with candour, warmth, and univerſal applauſe; his perſon and manners were uncommonly genteel, and highly finiſhed. A good repreſentation of the real Fine Gentleman, it is often lamented, is rarely ſeen on the ſtage, and to the truth of that obſervation I ſubmit; but at the ſame time let it be noticed, that in perſons of the firſt ſtation in life, aided with every requiſite accompliſhment, all the neceſſary ingredients are ſeldom conjoined either in the real Fine Gentleman or the real Fine Lady, ſo as to equal the expanſe of our ideas. Read Sir Charles Grandiſon and we ſhall find the poet has furniſhed him with a handſome and accompliſhed perſon, his mind with manlineſs, taſte, feeling, generoſity, courage, diſcretion, aſſiſted with all the arts and aids of education: But few, very few ſuch paragons have been really ſeen, though, like the unicorn, ſuch exaltation of the mind and perſon may perchance exiſt. Now an actor of underſtanding, and education, muſt certainly be in a good ſchool for attaining eaſe, who performs before hundreds nightly, and part of that collected audience conſiſting of the firſt perſonages; and it is poſſible the beſt ſpeaker in the Houſe of Commons if put really to act on the ſtage would feel not only awkward, but likely inferior in point of

freedom and expreſſion to the actor, even in the repreſentation of the Gentleman.

The true Fine Gentleman is an arduous taſk to attain in the moſt exalted ſtate, and rarely to be viewed near perfection (unleſs as viſionary) either at the court, the bar, army, pulpit, or the ſtage. Indeed at the palace, eaſe, elegance of manners, and liberal education, with every attendant accompliſhment muſt give the trueſt poliſh and deportment, and ſhine more conſpicuous there than in any other department of life, as certainly the great circle will ever be the only criterion of true taſte and faſhion. But let us be informed of the moſt finiſhed character at any period, and enter our ſenate purpoſely to view the perſon and manners of the paragon ſo famous and extolled, I think from obſervation I may almoſt venture to affirm the reality would certainly fall far ſhort of expectation. As a point in proof, about eight years ago I had the opportunity of hearing a great man's maiden ſpeech in the Houſe of Commons: The tones of voice ſeemed truly captivating (though he ſpoke not *at that time* in favour of court politics) my ſituation was ſuch I could not at the inſtant gain a glimpſe at the faſcinating prodigy. But when afterwards, with infinite pains and difficulty, that ſatisfaction was obtained—Lo!

How the great man leſſen'd to my view.

The reaſon is demonſtrative, true perfection is ſeldom found in Nature's works, ſo many requiſites being neceſſary to the combination, renders it as difficult to find as the longitude. The late Lord Cheſterfield employed his pen over numerous pages to illuſtrate this; yet with all his knowledge, labour, and pains, he could not create or realiſe. In ſhort, the real Fine Gentleman may truly be termed the phœnix, and that phœnix rare, Great Britain, in our preſent golden days, may boaſt riſing daily to full bloom, adorned with every art, humanity, and honour, that can fill the noble breaſt. *Would* the Lord Cheſterfield (juſt mentioned) could be reſtored to one hour's life, he then might cloſe his eyes with tranſport, and from his quivering lips proclaim, he beheld all his boundleſs wiſhes gratified, when he viewed his *favourite graces* all united in

The PRINCE of WALES.

But to return, the young hero who played Capt. Brazen had more eaſe than any young or old actor I ever remember, and in drawing his ſword he threw all other performers at a wonderful diſtance by his ſwiftneſs, eaſe, grace, and ſuperior elegance; to him, was Mr. Garrick afterwards much indebted for the applauſe he received in Hamlet in the fen-

cing ſcene with Laertes, as he performed that character, and there 'twas viſible Mr. Garrick's pupil was the maſter. After the play was finiſhed I paid my reſpects to the young gentleman, returned back to my company, and gave them an exact deſcription of the new adventurer's good fortune, which I did with true pleaſure.

Mr. Baker was ſeldom in London, but came to ſupply the loſs of the York heroine Mrs. Dancer, after that Mrs. Barry, now Mrs. Crawford, who had eloped with Mr. Dancer to Barry's new Dublin theatre, by a repair of coarſe plaiſter, in engaging the goblin Miſs Roach, a horrid ſpectre, as a ſubſtitute for Mrs. Dancer with her merit, and then in her prime of life. Miſs Roach however undertook to be the York Lady Townly, &c. But when ſhe made her appearance, was ſo indifferently received, that in conſequence of it, I do not believe ſhe acted three nights the whole ſeaſon. She had a good benefit, and that *extorted* by really good acting, as ſhe attended maſs conſtantly and ſo devoutly, that ſhe was thought a ſaint, though little nun's fleſh in her compoſition; for ſhe would have debauched a whole convent. She had much art, a cunning underſtanding, and a flow of ſpirits, yet affectation that would have been ſurfeiting in a beauty; but ſhe flattered well, and to flatter well requires ſtudy and caution—if well done there is no doubt of its being glibly

ſwallowed. She however wheedled Mr. Baker into a belief ſhe poſſeſſed great abilities, and the public, that ſhe was a good woman—but it muſt have been without her head.

Before the middle of October, Mr. Foote had ſettled preliminaries with Mr. Garrick for his two exotics (as he called Mr. Foote and myſelf) to appear in the ſame piece. Mr. Foote then requeſted me to do Bounce, as a pupil to Mr. Puzzle, in the Diverſions of the Morning, a part I had refuſed when in Dublin; but now as an old ſtager, from my practice at Portſmouth, and being in health and vigour, I had not the ſame excuſe or objection, though it was a fatiguing ſcene. It was adverti ſed in the following manner:

DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

Principal Characters,
Mr. FOOTE,
Mr. HOLLAND,
Mr. PACKER,
with others,
And Mr. WILKINSON.

Without my firſt appearance, which certainly was unkind and unprecedented, as it did not introduce me to the candour of the public, which they ever grant to a young performer and novice on the ſtage. However this is an after thought; for I was at

that time highly gratified with the large letters in which my name was printed, a foible natural to every candidate. Soon after this farce was known by the town to be in rehearſal, ſome Mrs. Candour gave my friend Mrs. Woffington the alarm, who ſtill lived and exiſted on the flattering hopes of once more captivating the public by her remaining rays of beauty (born to bloom and fade); and who declared ſhe was aſtoniſhed on hearing I had ſurvived my preſumption in Ireland, in daring (to be the devil in her likeneſs there) to take her off. Colonel Cæſar of the guards, who it was whiſpered at that time was ſecretly married to Mrs. Woffington, had been, as mentioned, at Portſmouth the night of my benefit, when the Duke of York and moſt of the principal gentlemen of the army in the kingdom were at that time aſſembled, and were moſt forcibly ſtruck with the ſudden and high entertainment they received by ſeeing their favourite Woffington where ſhe was ſo little expected; and indeed the exactneſs of manner rendered it certainly as a performance of that kind, far beyond mediocrity.

She was ſo alarmed on Mrs. Candour's intelligence, and not without foundation of truth, of my being engaged, and worſe than all to make my firſt appearance conjunctively with Foote at Drury-Lane; that ſhe thought it highly prudent

for her fame and peace, from what materials of intelligence ſhe had collected as to the imitation of herſelf in Dublin, to endeavour by every means of ſubtlety and force to counteract, prevent, and by authority put an effectual ſtop to ſuch a procedure, which ſhe judged would hurt her mind: All this was natural—moſt perſons would do the ſame for the moſt trivial cauſe, and this in fact was no more than trifling—Not any perſon likes to be a ſubject of ridicule. When ſhe was firſt made acquainted with my appearance in Queen Dollallolla, ſhe declared by the living God, ſhe was amazed "the fellow was not ſtoned to death in Dublin!" But her own treatment of me might have fully convinced her, that ill-nature is too apt to find countenance, particularly if exciting contemptuous merriment.

On deliberation Mrs. Woffington deputed Col. Cæſar to wait on Mr. Garrick; he related his objections in point of delicacy and honour concerning any affront, however ſlight, reflectedly thrown on that lady. He ſaid to Mr. Garrick, he ſhould not be ſurpriſed if young Wilkinſon had ſucceſs on ſuch an attempt; for, without the ſanction of a London audience to render it faſhionable, he knew it was poſſible, having been a witneſs to his ſaid imitation at Portſmouth; and as the ſame performance might render her, as an actreſs, ridicu-

lous, and as ſhe was at that time under his protection, his intention as a viſitor to Mr. Garrick was to inform him, if he permitted ſuch procedure or achievement from Mr. Wilkinſon on his ſtage, he muſt expect from him (Col. Cæſar) to be ſeriouſly called upon as a gentleman to anſwer it. Mr. Garrick immediately not only acquieſced, but expreſſed a deteſtation of any ſuch performance, *(bleſs his good nature)* and I actually believe would not have been diſpleaſed with receiving an order from the Lord Chamberlain, for a prohibition of the whole of Mr. Foote's or my exhibition, had it not proved at that juncture very convenient to make every ſhew of novelty to attract the town to his grand London principal booth of the fair. My appearing at all, and the being attended to, was neither Mr. Garrick's wiſh nor intention, if to my advantage; he therefore willingly obeyed the Colonel's mandate in behalf of his *once* lovely and admired Peggy. Indeed he could have done no leſs to ſave appearances, for where he had formerly ſo profeſſedly avowed a tender paſſion. Mr. Garrick coincided in opinion, that ſuch an attempt on the merits of Mrs. Woffington's acting would be illiberal and unwarrantable in the higheſt degree.

The day before the piece was to be acted he ſummoned Foote and me, and related the above-

mentioned particulars, and informed us that his word and honour was engaged to Colonel Cæſar that Mr. Wilkinſon ſhould not take the liberty to make any line, ſpeech, or manner, relative to Mrs. Woffington, or preſume to offer or occaſion any ſurmiſe of likeneſs, ſo as to give the leaſt ſhadow of offence, on any account whatever. This I ſubſcribed to on Mr. Garrick's commands, and Mr. Foote became my bail for the ſame—for Garrick was really on this matter very uneaſy with Foote and Wilkinſon, his d——d exotics.

Mrs. Woffington I ſhall ſeldom have to review again in theſe ſheets; and if the reader recollects, I have not been ſparing of her good qualities, either as an actreſs or a woman: what I have mentioned as to myſelf is only what belongs to my hiſtory, but no pique from what had long ago paſſed; and hope when ſhe died, if ſhe favoured me with a thought, ſhe forgave me as I now do her: for had I been in her place I think I might and ſhould, too probably, have acted the ſame as ſhe did. And by the ſame rule, had Mrs. Woffington been Mr. Wilkinſon ſhe might not have acted with ſo little ſpleen—but that perhaps the reader will ſay is a compliment to myſelf.

The Diverſions of the Morning was at length produced in October, and to an overflowing theatre.—Curioſity was univerſally raiſed, to ſee Mr.

Foote's pupil, as I was called, and to this hour by many believed. Mr. Foote's acquaintance were numerous, and of the firſt circles; and he took every precaution and care for his own ſake (for fear of failure or party) to have me ſtrongly ſupported, and he blazed forth Wilkinſon's wonderful merit, as on my ſucceſs he intended what he put into execution, which was, to give me the labouring oar and make myſelf a number of implacable enemies; and as to the money I brought, he judged it only ſafe and fit for his own emolument.

In the ſecond act of the farce *he*, ſurrounded by his pupils, (as Mr. Puzzle, their inſtructor, called me on as Mr. Wilkinſon)—Mr. Wilkinſon!——I was received with every pleaſing token by the firſt audience in the world for candour and liberality—for ſuch London certainly is when unbiaſſed;—it moſt aſſuredly commands and deſerves that appellation.——I found myſelf much more alarmed than I expected I ſhould have been, for the very name of a London audience ſtrikes terror to the performer; but that as well as other audiences are not always judges for themſelves: for party, ſpleen, envy, hatred, and malice can form ſo many different opinions, which, ſcattered like ratſbane up and down the pit, without preſerving their own reſpect, as may, and often does, with

wanton cruelty deſtroy many an actor and actreſs. Theſe things (bleſſed be God) only ſometimes happen and will again.—Inſtances may be given not to be denied.

The ſcene between Mr. Foote and myſelf went off with great *eclat*; on my departure from the ſtage, while he did his puppets, &c. the audience grew very impatient by ſeeing my exit, and judged that was all the new actor was to do; and feeling a diſappointment, from murmuring they grew impatient, and at laſt burſt out into vehemently aſking for Wilkinſon, and deſiring to be informed if that was the only performance they were to expect from that young gentleman? This loud interruption was not paying him his accuſtomed attention, and he ſeemed much nettled; however, he bowed, and ſaid the new performer was only retired for a little reſpite neceſſary for his following part of the entertainment. This anſwer was approved, and Mr. Foote was proceeding, but the little clamour had reached and diſturbed the minds of the gods, and John Bull, as well as their godſhips, thinking Mr. Foote meant to deprive them of part of their rights, though they could not tell what, as they had not all heard Mr. Foote's apology diſtinctly, again repeated, "Wilkinſon! Wilkinſon!"—Foote at this ſecond interruption grew really offended, and having ſecured the lower

houſe, he ſtopped and ſaid to Mr. Manly (Holland who was on the ſtage with him) "Did you ever hear ſuch fellows? D—n it, they want the fifth act of a play before the ſecond is over!"—And as what he ſaid generally paſſed current, this occaſioned an univerſal roar, and all went on peaceably, and with great good humour, till the appointed time for my ſecond entrance, which was near the concluſion — the people, eager to applaud they knew not why or what, but full of expectation that ſome ſtrange performance was to be produced—and, indeed, to give an account of the approbation, the ſudden effect, the inceſſant laughter, would argue ſo much of the fabuliſt, and of dear ſelf, that it would ſurfeit even me to read; and if ſo, how would an entire ſtranger feel! why treat it with an angry or contemptuous opinion!——Therefore let it ſuffice, that every thing ſucceeded that night that could gratify the pride, vanity, and moſt ſanguine wiſhes of a young man greedy for fame. The farce finiſhed with my performance, and Mr. Foote on my bow made his own, not attempting to proceed, and was himſelf in great raptures for reaſons before hinted at; but when the curtain was down he went on and aſſured the audience he was much honoured by their approbation, and with their permiſſion would the next night repeat the ſame

piece again—which they had expected he would do, and returned the uſual tokens of their approbation.

SOME OF MY IMITATIONS WERE,

Mr. SPARKS . . . . . in Capulet.
Mr. BARRY . . . . . in Alexander.
Mr. SHERIDAN . . . . in Oreſtes.
Mr. FOOTE . . . . . in the Prologue.

With ſeveral others.

The next night the houſe was jammed in every part—the morning of which it was ſtrongly rumoured that the actors of Covent Garden were highly enraged—that Mr. Sparks in particular was really diſordered on the occaſion—Mr. Holland called at the theatre and informed Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, he had actually heard that Mr. Sparks was ſo much hurt and unhappy, that he had taken to his bed and was dangerouſly ill;—Foote immediately replied (in his laughing manner) that it could not be true, or, that it muſt be a d——d lie; for he had met his wife with two pounds of mutton-chops on a ſkewer for her huſband's dinner. This impromptu occaſioned a hearty green-room laugh: for though the actors in general diſliked Foote at that time, and ever did until he was a manager *(a wonderful inſtance*

indeed!) as they did not reliſh his writings on account of the freedoms he often took with the profeſſion, which always, when introduced, the actors and managers were generally mentioned in a degrading light; and though he knew the public reliſhed the ſeverity, yet in fact it was not generous or neat to dirty his own neſt inſtead of cleanſing the theatrical ſtable; and his having been free with the performer's mode of playing, had occaſioned very little regard from any, and from ſeveral a fixed hatred. He had a number of enemies in private life: Indeed many domeſtic characters ſeverely felt his comic laſh, which was ſmarting to thoſe on whom it was inflicted; but ſtill his univerſal acquaintance, his wit, humour, open houſe, and entertaining qualities, raiſed him ſuperior to his maligners, and in general he rolled in luxury and indolence. It would have been much more unfaſhionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes than even at Quin's.——Quin's were moroſe, ſtrong, and of a particular vein of humour, like the characters he ſucceeded in—as the Old Bachelor, Apemantus, Sir John Brute, Gardener, Ventidius, Falſtaff, &c. each of which bear a likeneſs of the man; and there were often well-pointed ſtories related of him in books, ſuch as Humphrey Clinker, and many like publications, which will either juſtify or condemn my af-

ſertion. But Mr. Foote was irreſiſtible, ſponta-neous, and not confined to manner or character; for wherever he aimed his humour and raillery he ſhot the object as it flew by his quick fancy, and all with a ſuperior degree to his opponents.

When Mr. Garrick was at the noon rehearſals, he ever was on the liſten, and if he heard Foote and the performers joking, would enter all full of whim, and *affected* eaſy affability and equality, and made himſelf one of the laughing group, and at every jeſt of Foote's appeared to pay particular tributes of ſurpriſe, applauſe, and attention; but when in turn he related what he had ſtudied and prepared as *very* comical, if the ſame repetition of approbation as had gone before attendant to Foote's humour was wanting to his, he has been cut to the ſoul at finding Foote's ſuperiority, which was generally the conſequence when both were pitched for battle and eager for victory at the game of repartee and ſparring ſarcaſm; and which was frequently granted to Foote by the courtiers and adulators of Garrick, even while depending on the ſmiles of their maſter, and under the ap-prehenſion of incurring the terror and loſs of fa-vour from offended majeſty.

One great reaſon, as a man of wit, for Foote's ſuperiority on ſuch convivial meetings was, that he, like the American felt bold, knew his ſuperiority,

which was raiſed by the perfect knowledge of Garrick's fears, and which made Foote ſo eaſy, that he gave not himſelf the trouble to hate. Mr. Foote would frequently ſay to Mr. Garrick, "Bleſs me! we have been laughing away our time; it is paſt three o'clock; have you and Mrs. Garrick enough for a third, without infringing on your ſervants generoſity, for I know they are on board wages? beſides, the kitchen-fire may be gone out if it be one of your cold meat days, or if one of Mrs. Garrick's faſt days, I cannot expect a dinner on emergency." On Foote's repeating ſuch a whimſical jargon Garrick would act a laugh like Bayes, though all the joke lay like Mr. Bayes's —in the boots.

Many whimſical meetings have I been at between thoſe two great geniuſſes, and truly enjoyed them from that time to the preſent. But Mr. Foote's knowledge of Garrick was but ſuperficial when compared with Mr. Murphy's; for Mr. Murphy's cool and ſenſible penetration made him a perfect judge of the whole inward ſoul of Mr. Garrick, while Foote, without perplexing himſelf with the fatigue of thinking, was contented with ſlighter materials to garniſh his merriment, and which amply ſatisfied his love of ſatire and cheerfulneſs. To ſpeak ſeriouſly of theſe gentlemen—why Foote ſhould have entertained ſuch

an inconceivable diſguſt to Mr. Garrick I cannot deviſe, unleſs from that implacable attendant, more or leſs in the human breaſt, called *envy*, which ever haunts a theatre. That Garrick had much reaſon to be offended with Foote is certain, and that he inwardly hated him is as certain; nor is that to be a matter of ſurpriſe, as Foote was ever endeavouring to expoſe, and even, if poſſible, to injure him: He gloried in it, and ſeized every opportunity to have a cut at him and ſerve him up as the maimed, not perfect Garrick —unleſs to acknowledge perforce, like Colley Cibber, who allowed (but with great difficulty) to Mrs. Bracegirdle, that really Garrick, he believed, had merit, but Foote never introduced his deſerts, or heard of him as an actor with pleaſure, or allowed him any credit for his theatrical abilities, but wiſhed the converſation was over; or, if obliged to give his ſentiments, would conclude with, "Yes, the hound had a ſomething clever; but if his excellence was to be examined, he would not be found in *any part* equal to Colley Cibber's Sir John Brute, Lord Foppington, Sir Courtly Nice, or Juſtice Shallow."

And ſo the world goes round.

But Juſtice bids me ſay in favour of Mr. Garrick, that to my knowledge he often aſſiſted Mr.

Foote with ſums of money, not trifling, and Foote always attributed the favour done from fear, not generoſity; yet it certainly was an obligation, and that ſervice tendered when Foote has been in awkward ſituations for want of caſh, and to relate facts on all ſides I am here anſwerable.

——Nothing extenuate or ſet down aught in malice.

The following anecdote of Dr. Johnſon and Garrick Roſcius may be relied on.

Doctor Johnſon, being with Foote, Holland, Woodward, and others, on a party at Mr. Garrick's villa at Hampton, as they were converſing on different ſubjects, he fell into a reverie, from which his attention was drawn by the accidentally caſting his eyes on a book-caſe, to which he was as naturally attracted as the needle to the pole: on peruſing the title pages of the beſt bound, he muttered inwardly with ineffable contempt, but proceeded on his exploring buſineſs of obſervation, ran his finger down the middle of each page, and then daſhed the volume diſdainfully open on the floor, the which Garrick beheld with much wonder and vexation, while the moſt profound ſilence and attention was beſtowed on the learned Doctor; but when he ſaw his twentieth well-bound book thus manifeſtly diſgraced on the ground, and expecting his whole valuable collection would ſhare the ſame victim fate, he could

no longer reſtrain himſelf, but ſuddenly cried out moſt vociferouſly,—"Why d—n it, Johnſon,—you, you, you will deſtroy all my books!"—At this Johnſon raiſed his head, pauſed, fixed his eyes, and replied, "Lockee, David, you do underſtand plays, *but you know nothing about books*!" which repartee occaſioned an irreſiſtible laugh at Garrick's expence, as well as that of his having given them a good dinner, with plenty of choice viands.

But if theſe are to be my memoirs, it is neceſſary to rehearſe over the ſcenes of my ſecond night's performance.———The houſe was what we of the theatrical tribe like to ſee, and term *chuck full in every part*,—not only from the alarm the firſt exhibition had given, but by many who were inimical to my performance, as well as thoſe who approved of it; for ſeveral actors had naturally rouzed their friends to cruſh me in the ſhell if poſſible, and not only ſcotch the ſnake but kill it.———On my firſt entrance there were marks of diſapprobation, and on my ſecond ſounded to me at ſuch an alarming height, that I thought all was over; but the multitude of well wiſhers, and the number whoſe curioſity had been raiſed, longed to be ſatisfied, and bore all before them; and very trifling marks were heard or ſuffered after, ſufficient to create any great tremor or uneaſineſs:—to be conciſe; the oppoſition proved

a favourable circumſtance, for it fixed me as the Faſhion, and ſuperior to my maſter Foote as an imitator, and I was triumphantly given out again with as much ſatisfaction to three parts of the audience, as if I had been an actor of the firſt conſequence on thoſe boards.——A little ill-nature evidently ſhewn is the luckieſt circumſtance that can happen to an author or performer of any merit; but beware of a great deal.

> A ſingle critic will not frown, look big,
> Harmleſs and pliant as a ſingle twig;
> But crowded, here they change, and 'tis not odd,
> For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.

This little piece went on in a moſt flouriſhing ſtate till about the fifth or ſixth night, when Mr. Sparks of Covent Garden theatre felt himſelf ſo wounded by my attack on his acting, (which truly was a very pictureſque one, and thoſe who remember him and me at that time will allow what I have here ſaid) that he waited on Mr. Garrick, and requeſted he would not ſuffer him, as a man of credit in private life, and an actor of eſtimation in public, to be deſtroyed by ſuch an illiberal attack on his livelihood; and, as it ſtruck at his reputation, hoped he would not permit it in future as far as regarded himſelf, whom it had rendered miſerable.——Garrick ſaid, "Why now

hey, Sparks! why now, hey, this is ſo ſtrange now, hey, a—why Wilkinſon, and be d——d to him, they tell me he takes me off, and he takes Foote off, and ſo, why you ſee that you are in very good company."——"Very true, Sir," ſays Sparks, "but many an honeſt man has been ruined by keeping *too good company*"—and then Sparks made his bow and his exit. Mr. Garrick, however, came to the theatre at noon, paraded with great conſequence up and down the ſtage, ſent for me, and when I obeyed the mighty ſummons he was ſurrounded by moſt of the performers; I fancied it had been ſome lucky good-natured thought of his to ſerve me; but why ſhould I have imagined ſo!——

Down, buſy devil, down——

For he ſoon convinced me to the contrary, as he began a fiery lecture with "Now, hey, d——n it, Wilkinſon!—now, why will you take a liberty with theſe gentlemen the players, and without my conſent? you never conſulted or told me you were *to take off* as you call it; hey, why now, I never take ſuch liberties.——Indeed I once did it, but I gave up ſuch d——d impudence *. Hey now,

* And in ſaying this the good Manager forgot he "d——d thoſe arts that cauſed himſelf to riſe."

that is I say—but you and Foote, and Foote and you, think you are managers of this theatre.—But to convince you of the contrary, and be d——d to ye †, I here order you, before these gentlemen, to desist from taking any liberty with any one of Covent Garden theatre; and I think it necessary to avow and declare my abhorrence of what you have done, and at the same time to disclaim my consent or knowledge of it:—I do not allow my-

such unbecoming liberties, nor will I permit them from another where I am manager; and if you dare repeat such a mode of conduct after my commands, I will fine you the penalty of your article"—which was three hundred pounds.—— Here I felt myself in a fine predicament; here was a sudden fall to all my greatness, and a haste to my setting.——The actors and actresses, one and all, applauded the goodness of Mr. Garrick's heart, and sneered at the lowered pride of an upstart mimic and his imitations. I stood like Cardinal Wolsey in the third act of Henry VIII. when looked on contemptibly by the Lords Surry, Norfolk, Suffolk, &c.

So farewell my little good Lord Cardinal!

And had Garrick gone and pronounced—"And now to dinner with what appetite ye may,"—it would have heightened the resemblance, if I

† A common expression of Mr. Garrick's,—in half jest, half earnest.

may be allowed to compare ſmall things with great.——I was exceedingly embarraſſed and mortified, when up came to me Dame Clive, who ſaid aloud, "Fie, young man! fie!" and declared it was impudent and ſhocking for a young fellow to gain applauſe at the expence of the players, whoſe reputation with the public reſted in their good opinion, and the performers ought to appear quiet, peaceable, and well behaved, and not act in ſuch an hoſtile manner as I had done with thoſe gentlemen who endeavour to get a livelihood.—"Now," added ſhe, "I can and do myſelf *take off*, but then it is only the Mingottii †, and a ſet of Italian ſqualling devils who come over to England to get our bread from us; and I ſay curſe them all for a parcel of Italian bitches;"—and ſo Madam Clive made her exit, and with the approbation of all the ſtage lords and ladies in waiting, whilſt I ſtood like a puppy dog in a dancing-ſchool—when Mr. Moſſop, the turkey-cock of the ſtage, with ſlow and haughty ſteps, all erect, his gills all ſwelling, eyes diſdainful, and hand upon his ſword, breathing, as if his reſpiration was honour, and, like the turkey, almoſt burſting with pride, began with much *hauteur*—"Mr. Wilkinſon! phew! (as breathing grand) Sir,—Mr. Wil—kin—ſon, *Sir*, I ſay——phew!——how dare you, Sir, make free in a public theatre, or even in a private party,

† Mingotti was the Mara of that year.

with your ſuperiors? If you were to take ſuch a liberty with me, *Sir*, I would draw my ſword and run it through your body, *Sir!* you ſhould not live, *Sir!*"—and with the greateſt pomp and grandeur made his departure; his ſupercilious air and manner was ſo truly ridiculous, that I perceived Mr. Garrick underwent much difficulty to prevent his gravity from changing to a burſt of merriment; but when Moſſop was fairly out of ſight he could not contain himſelf, and the laugh beginning with the manager, it was followed with avidity by each one who could laugh the moſt—and all anger with me was for a *few minutes* ſuſpended, and certainly Moſſop's Don Quixote-like manner was irreſiſtibly diverting, and pleaſed every one but me, who ſtood all their brunts, for I did not feel myſelf in a cheerful mood; yet good humour was ſo prevalent, that I could not refrain from ſmiling, and at this time can laugh very heartily whenever I bring the ſcene into my mind's eye. Preſently entered Foote, loudly ſinging a French ſong to ſhew his breeding, and on ſeeing ſuch a group of actors on the ſtage, pronounced like Witwou'd, "Hey day! what are you all got together here like players at the end of the laſt act!"—then ſaid he had called at Mr. Garrick's houſe, and was informed he ſhould find him at the theatre; for he wanted to fix on

two or three plays wherein he would act on the nights of his Diverſions in the Morning. Mr. Garrick then aſſumed much ſerious conſequence, and related to Mr. Foote the ſtate of affairs—that he had received ſtrong repreſentations from Covent Garden theatre, and had, from motives of humanity and conſideration, reſolved to put a ſtop to Wilkinſon's proceedings, and that Mr. Tate muſt that night perform the part of Bounce only, and at his peril to diſobey his orders; and that after his exit as Mr. Bounce, the piece muſt finiſh with Mr. Foote's performance, and no more Wilkinſon.——"If indeed now—if Wilkinſon could have taken me off, as Mrs. Garrick ſays, why now as to that I ſhould have liked it vaſtly, and ſo would Mrs. Garrick.——But I again enforce Wilkinſon's not appearing on my ſtage a ſecond time"———and to my aſtoniſhment Foote aſſented: But had I been intruſted or acquainted with chicanery and the myſteries behind the curtain of a London theatre, (though to this hour I am not above half perfect) my wonder would not have been ſo great.

I went from the playhouſe in dudgeon, and retired home with a heavy mind, though only three hours before I had left my lodgings all elate, and with a heart as light as a feather; but all my alertneſs was gone, and I entered with a boſom

overpowered with ſhame and diſappointment, and ſhould not have been ſurpriſed had I been affronted in the ſtreets as I went to and from the theatre; for I every day received incendiary letters, and the rage and anger of ſome particular performers even bordered on inveteracy.

As the evening approached, I went and prepared myſelf for Bounce only, according to order, and when Bounce was finiſhed retired to the green-room; but am certain both Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote had planted perſons in the houſe to call for Wilkinſon, becauſe Mr. Foote had not gone through half his performance when the call for me was univerſal; which could not have been the caſe, as it was a repeated piece, and the time not come for my ſecond appearance as uſual, had not ſome ſubtlety been uſed in the buſineſs. As for my own part, I am clear I was perfectly innocent, not having any knowledge of the town, or by any means, at that time, knowing how to raiſe a clamour of the kind; therefore ſome chicanery muſt have been practiſed in the affair. I thought Mr. Foote had been prepared with ſufficient reaſons for the omiſſion, and that he would have explained them to the audience, and the farce be no more repeated. But no doubt now remains with me, that, notwithſtanding the

lecture I had received in the morning, it meant more than reached the ear; and the event which followed was the result of ingenuity, which by a develop of characters, I think I may honestly venture to give a bold guess how the matter really was, though at that time it did not strike my mind.——The clamour continued when Mr. Foote retired from the stage, and Mr. Garrick ordered the lights to be let down, which consisted of six chandeliers hanging over the stage, every one containing twelve candles in brass sockets, and a heavy iron flourished and joined to each bottom, large enough for a street palisade. This ceremony being complied with, Mr. Garrick said, it would, with the lamps also lowered, be a convincing proof to the audience that all was over; but this only served, like oil thrown on flames, to increase the vociferation. On Garrick's perceiving this, he came to me in the green-room, and with seeming anger and terror asked me, How I had dared to cause a riot and disturbance in his theatre, and send a set of blackguards into the house to call for me? All I could urge in my horrid situation was, asserting my ignorance of the matter, but which was of no avail; and while I was proceeding with my assertions in *piano*—the *forte* broke out into outrageous tumult—What was to be done! I replied, I would

run away; but that Mr. Garrick said, as matters stood, could not be suffered. "Foote!—Foote!—Foote!" was echoed and re-echoed from every part of the house: He had been standing with the most perfect ease, and laughing all the time; but being thus loudly summoned, obeyed the call of duty, and on the stage instantly presented himself; and when there was interrogated, Why, Mr. Wilkinson's part of the farce that had been so well received was omitted? Mr. Foote made an harangue, and observed, if honoured with their patience to hear him, he would endeavour to explain, and he hoped to their satisfaction; on this silence ensued. He said, he was exceedingly sorry to have given cause, for being called to an account for any motive of their displeasure; begged respectfully to assure them, that as to the omission of Mr. Wilkinson's latter performance, it had only been introduced by way of entertainment, not with intention of injury to any individual whatever; for a harmless laugh was all the young gentleman had aspired to—nor could he have meant more, and by so doing, to add a trifle for the entertainment of the public; and Mr. Wilkinson had desired him to remit his grateful acknowledgments for the kind indulgence they had honoured him with: But very unfortunately what had only been humbly offered as harmless, had

been baſely miſconſtrued into wickedneſs; for Mr. Garrick and himſelf, (Mr. Foote) had received remonſtrances and cruel reflections from certain performers, alledging that they ſuffered in their reputations, and as reputations were not ſlender materials, in conſequence thereof, Mr. Garrick and himſelf from motives of generoſity had yielded to ſuch importunity and allegations, and had cheerfully ſacrificed that part of the entertainment; as by ſo doing they added happineſs and private peace to others, however beneficial the continuance of it might have been to the theatre; and ardently hoped their conduct on the occaſion, was ſuch as merited not only the pardon, but the approbation of the audience, and which ſhould ever be their ſtudy to merit and obtain.

This declamation inſtead of pacifying, was treated with marks of anger and contempt, and an univerſal cry for Wilkinſon!—Wilkinſon!—On which Mr. Foote advanced once more, and ſaid, as for his own peculiarities, if they could afford the leaſt entertainment, Mr. Wilkinſon was at full liberty to exerciſe his talents to their utmoſt extent; and then added *archly*, (for the which I have reaſon to think, the manager did not find himſelf in the leaſt obliged) he believed, nay was aſſured, Mr. Wilkinſon might as far as reſpected Mr. Garrick, without any reſtrictions, take the

ſame freedom. The cry was for me immediately to appear, and that without delay; Mr. Foote promiſed I ſhould be inſtantly produced, and took leave with a general plaudit. For, as Mrs. Bellamy obſerves, Mr. Town and John Bull, would have their own way and not be in the leaſt controlled. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed mine was a perplexed ſtate, being in every point circumſtanced very diſagreeably, and not a friend to ſpeak to me. On Mr. Foote's return to the green-room, he laid hold of my arm, and ſaid, I muſt go on the ſtage that moment. "And what muſt I do when I am there?" ſays I. "O!" replied he, "any thing—what you like, and treat them with as much of me as you pleaſe." "Aye," but ſays I, "what does Mr. Garrick ſay? for without his orders I cannot proceed." "Hey—why now—Hey!" ſays Garrick, "Why now, as they inſiſt, I really do not ſee, that I am bound to run the hazard of having a riot in my theatre to pleaſe Sparks and the reſt of the Covent-Garden people;—and if they are not ſatisfied with your ſerving up Mr. Foote as a diſh—why, it is a pity, as I to-day obſerved, but you could give me; but that you ſay is not poſſible with any hopes of ſucceſs.—Why now—haſte—they are making a deviliſh noiſe; and ſo, as you have begun your d——d taking off—why go on with it, and do what

comes into your head, and do not in future plague me with your curſed tricks again. So Sam Foote popped the *Exotic* on the ſtage; there was no time to be loſt, as they feared bad conſequences. I was afraid to go on, but on the ſtage I was actually puſhed by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, and my hair did ſtand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. The curtain was dropped, and the branches alſo down on each ſide. My fright was apparent, but Mr. *Town* ſoon cheered my ſpirits, as there was not one diſſenting voice in the whole audience. I began, and very freely with Mr. Foote, and then was for retiring, but the cry was, "No, no—go on, go on!" and many ſaid aloud, "Damn it, take them all off!" I took the hint, and was encouraged at ſo furious a rate, that I went through a long courſe of mimicry with great eclat, having permiſſion, as I thought: My diſtreſs of the morning all vaniſhed, and was exchanged for the moſt delightful feelings in the evening; being all elated, and on a ſhort reflection, relying on Garrick's declaration, as the words of truth, when he had twice declared nothing could pleaſe him or Mrs. Garrick more than a well executed likeneſs of himſelf as an actor: but note, good reader, in this point I had not acted with honour, but duplicity; for whenever he had jokingly aſked me "What ſort of a

ſubject I could make of him?" I always anſwered, "I never could form any reſemblance whatever; for his manner and tones were ſo natural, and his voice ſo melodious, that any imitation was impoſſible." This he greedily ſwallowed and believed—(charming flattery!) but in the cloſe of my performance, that remarkable night, the audience were wonderfully ſurpriſed and tickled, on beholding ſo unexpectedly a reſemblance of the incomparable Roſcius, which increaſed my ſpirits to ſuch a degree, that

> "As I had, in blood ſtep'd in ſo far,
> "Returning were as tedious as going o'er"——

I determined to give the audience a good meal, and finding my firſt attack had made a favourable impreſſion in their opinions, I advanced without mercy, cried havock, and produced Mr. Garrick in three characters.

> LEAR.—Belov'd Regan, thou wilt ſhake to hear
> What I ſhall utter—thou coud'ſt ne'er have
> thought it——
> Thy ſiſter's naught: O Regan! ſhe has ty'd
> Ingratitude like a ſharp tongu'd vulture here;
> I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee.

This ſpeech ſet me a-going, prepared for what followed, and cauſed great effect by my being lucky in the thought and the application. I had two

long plaudits for pronouncing a few words; but thoſe words were in Garrick's manner and required time: they were from Biron, a part he had only firſt performed the year before, the play being revived and altered to ſhew Mrs. Cibber to advantage; and has of late ſeaſons proved equally ſo to Mrs. Siddons.

BIRON.—I come to him——
'Tis Belford I ſuppoſe, he little knows
Of what has happen'd here; I wanted him,
Muſt employ his friendſhip, and then—Oh!
Oh! Oh! &c. &c.

I was not contented on this burſt of encouragement, but ſpoke as Garrick, from

HAMLET—For O! it cannot be—
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal.—Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I the ſon of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab——
A Cullion!—fie upon't!—About, my brain!——

And at the laſt line I made my finiſh and exit in his manner, with loud acclamations, and wa-

all alive, alive O! But for me personally to recite these peculiarities, would give a much better idea, than even the ablest pen can possibly describe.

After this night all opposition or affront was dropped, and the enraged performers were advised to let me die a natural death, as the most prudent method; for, by opposite means, they rendered Wilkinson popular, and by not taking umbrage he would sink into insignificance. The farce was continued and gained additional force; and Mr. Foote, as he reaped the profit, was highly enraptured, and said, Wilkinson was very clever. He was the general, receiving high and honorary rewards, whilst, in fact, I was merely held in rank but as a poor subaltern at low pay, for standing to be shot at. In that farce Mr. Packer acted Carmine, and from that year 1758, has remained in a respectable light to the present date.

Certainly the space filled up while Garrick was in want of materials, both as to performers and plays, by this farce, was a severe infliction on me; as the only advantage I derived from it, was making myself in some degree popular, and universally known to be the son of the late Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, who was obliged to seek refuge and relief from the public by going on the stage: But I really was in similitude no better than a stone eater, or like Powell the fire-eater; for, I was com-

pelled and obliged to ſubmit for receiving thirty ſhillings per week, playhouſe-pay, to ſtep each evening, comparatively ſpeaking, over red hot irons; but ſurely it was my *purity* that guided my frequent walks with ſuch ſafety. All the time not *one* guinea as a preſent, or as a bribe, from either Mr. Garrick or Mr. Foote; nay, from that whimſical night Mr. Garrick was ſo hurt and offended with my repreſentation of his likeneſs, that almoſt during the remainder of the ſeaſon, he never deigned to let his eye grace me with its obſervance, and of courſe not a ſingle word to comfort me from his royal lips; all conveyed whenever I met him auſterity, anger, and diſlike. Indeed, he felt himſelf inwardly hurt with the liberty I had taken; yet, ſurely, he had drawn himſelf into the predicament, by what was very extraordinary to ſay and alledge of him as fact,

HIS OWN BAD ACTING.

For he certainly was beyond compare, the moſt univerſal great actor the world ever produced on a ſtage, or probably ever will. I, like a fool as I was, becauſe I looked upon Mr. Garrick as a great performer, put confidence in what he ſaid, and thought it was goſpel; but it needs no wonderful ſenſe, and but very little experience, to teach how wrong, laughable, and abſurd, it is to believe

all that great men will say; Not but there are phœnomena of nobleneſs and goodneſs who are contradictions to ſuch an aſſertion, as I can teſtify, have experienced, and may again; I truſt I ſhall know bleſſings and benevolence from the great and benevolent. The world in general, like a wild garden, may be over-run with weeds, brambles, and briars, nevertheleſs here and there a fine nectarine or peach may be plucked; or like a lottery abounding with blanks, yet aſtoniſhing luck may ſurpriſe the unfortunate with a prize.

After having been at that time near twelve months in regular practice on the ſtage, it does not at this period read to my advantage, to have proved myſelf ſuch an egregious dupe; and to have been ſo mere a novice to arts of greatneſs, and the obſervance of the wide difference between what is pronounced by the lips and thought by the mind.

Foote, by the practice of ſeeing me take him off every night, as I kept within the bounds of decorum, let it not a whit diſturb his repoſe; for, as he obtained the golden fleece—why, let the world laugh and be ———. And ſo far it became his ſole buſineſs and intereſt, while that farce laſted; but as to his good friendſhip for me tho' very pleaſant at the time, it only extended to—*No longer pipe—no longer dance.*

Mr. Garrick, who felt aggrieved from what he had himſelf deſired me to do, and what I had acted by his requeſt and permiſſion, blamed *me* (as is natural in moſt caſes) rather than *himſelf*, and not being my friend, it ſerved to increaſe his ſpleen and diſlike. Another reaſon made him expreſs his tenderneſs of diſpoſition and ſoft ſenſations of his heart, by way of condemning my performance; and by that open diſavowal waved all blame or ſeverity from being levelled at him: as on that occaſion, he not only publicly diſapproved, but declared his innocence as to any knowledge of what I had done. For, ſo far from his ſuſpecting or being aware of it, I had ſurpriſed him by a ſtolen march, ſo his hands were clear; and as to Mr. Foote, if any dirt was thrown at him, he could waſh it off with his Tea, and clean himſelf. But above all he feared, if he ſeemingly approved and all was quiet and I found myſelf of conſequence, by evidently drawing money to his royal exchequer, I might not without reaſon, touch him on his tendereſt point, the very maſter ſtring that made moſt harmony or diſcord in him—that was *money*—his *money!* his *money!* his *money!*

If I from ſuch a poor pittance proved myſelf a pecuniary object to Mr. Garrick, had he ſanctioned and applauded what he had thus diſap-

proved, and had I petitioned and offered to remonſtrate for an addition to my ſalary, or ſolicited for a handſome preſent for ſecret ſervices, he could not with any degree of propriety have refuſed; therefore he wiſely and politically guarded againſt ſuch an attack, and thereby effectually prevented an impertinent requeſt at that time from me, or any friend I might depute to hint or preſent a memorial with ſtated reaſons for my advancement in his army; as I had under General Bayes's command, in three or four ſucceſſive engagements, diſtinguiſhed myſelf in the field of battle, where I had fought with great bravery when ſerving in his regiment of light horſe, and was twice or thrice diſcovered amongſt the ſlain. This or any ſuch manifeſto would have proved fruitleſs and abortive; for beſides taking away his life, his ſoul, his dear old gold, as he had yielded or (in well acted appearance) ſeemed to have yielded to the ſtings of his tender conſcience, by which it was conceived, and even actually believed, in oppoſition and againſt their ſenſes, that his goodneſs was ſuperior to his ſelf-intereſt; this afforded him two ſecret pleaſures—raiſing his humanity at my expence, and after all contriving to have it called for and continued as if againſt his inclination. This was a *maſter piece* of a head finely interwoven with wheels within wheels, and

far ſuperior to any mechaniſm his carpenters could boaſt of—and of their ſkill he had thus declaimed—

" What eager tranſport ſtares from ev'ry eye,
" When pullies rattle and our genii fly;
" When tin caſcades, like falling waters gleam,
" Or through the canvas burſts the real ſtream;
" While thirſty Iſlington laments in vain,
" Half her NEW RIVER roll'd to Drury-Lane."

And a third reaſon was, though laſt, not of the leaſt pleaſing reſult; as by this train of my alledged offences I was ſecluded and kept at a proper diſtance, ſo as to prevent any approach to the throne; therefore my harveſt did not promiſe to be a golden one, being forbid my appearance at court. This farce continued going on with quietneſs and ſucceſs till near Chriſtmas. During that time I was in a perpetual round of engagements and invitations, either with my own friends, or on parties with Mr. Foote at many of the faſhionable tables, ſuch as Mr. Calcraft's, Lady Vane's, Sir Francis Delaval's; and mixed with the firſt ſet of gentlemen at the principal hotels and taverns in London. One day I was led into an error from vanity, but certainly not to my credit; however, as a faithful hiſtorian I will not hide the circumſtance.

As the glaſs and good humour went round, and each ſeemed on a level, I from intimacy, and

and really a liking to all my friend Shuter did, uſed frequently for half an hour together to introduce myſelf into company as Mr. Shuter, and being with him perpetually on his ſober as well as his indiſcreet frolics, it actually only ſeemed to thoſe acquainted with his mode and manner as another Shuter, as his ſtage-acting or his private oddities were become equally eaſy to be aſſumed by me. This cauſed ſo much laugh, applauſe, and flattery, which is much more faſcinating than a jack-a-lanthorn, and eaſily gains followers; that I was perſuaded to exhibit a likeneſs of Shuter on the ſtage. Foote deſired Colonel Thornton, and ſeveral others to importune me, urging what was really true, that as a genius of comedy he could not receive any injury by the force of imitation; that as a man of humour he would even himſelf be entertained with it, and it was impoſſible for him, on ſuch a trivial occaſion, to be ſeriouſly angry, as he had more ſenſe, &c. All theſe arguments working on my eagerneſs for fame, ſeduced me, but not without ſome pangs, as I really and truly, in the full ſenſe of the word, regarded Shuter, and admired his faults full equally with his beſt qualities; for we had heard the chimes at midnight. Not any perſon now exiſting remembers this circumſtance ſo well as Mr. Auſtin; he and I were very intimate, and he was one of

the very few belonging to the theatre who wiſhed me well; and when I informed him of Colonel Thornton and Foote's requeſt, ſaid, "Why, Tate, you are a great rogue, but you may as well take off Shuter as not, it will only be a ſhyneſs for a few days, and then you will ſhake hands and all will be well again;" and that evening with my waggiſh friend's advice, who loved a little miſchief, and which accorded with my own inclination, it was concluded, and the next night carried into execution.—I want, now (though all is over, and I am truly grieved to ſay Shuter is dead and buried) to lay the blame on the perſuaſive Joſeph and the odd bottle that made us both much wiſer than when we yawned over the firſt. It awkwardly happened the next day after this conſultation, that I met Shuter at dinner, and knowing my evil intentions, I felt like moſt people who are conſcious integrity is not the ſtrict rule of their conduct, for though not a criminal or a ſerious matter, it certainly wanted a palliation, but I did not know how to act.—Shuter had ſtuck by me from my very firſt diſtreſs—Shuter had ſtood buff for me againſt a hoſt of foes—and I knew not any able lawyer who could undertake my brief, and that brief weighed with ſuch reaſons, who could ſtrictly acquit me even to myſelf. If I had aſked him ſeriouſly, he certainly would have given

a negative, and ſtill let ſuſpicion of his friend hanker on his mind in future, and on his refuſal I could not think of doing it; therefore I determined like a young couple for Scotland, who marry firſt, and aſk pardon afterwards. I cannot defend this conduct to Shuter to this moment, though I can boaſt, if that can be taken as an excuſe, that I received great encouragement for the ſame; but it deadened all Shuter's intimacy and mine. Yet like Parthenope you will find (with a little patience) it was not dead neither. I entered on the comic-tragical buſineſs I had promiſed on the very evening I had purpoſed. The amazingly ſtrong likeneſs of ſo popular a ſtage character when I appeared in walk, gait, voice, and features, in M'Ruthen, the London cries, &c. was by the galleries inſtantaneouſly recognized for their darling friend Ned Shuter; and inſtead of anger they received it with ſuch joy, that when it was over I flattered myſelf Shuter would be as pleaſed as myſelf; but inſtead of that—No, no, it was quite the contrary. *I* called it a joke, *Shuter* did not; or if he would, thoſe about him were ſo little prone to good-nature, that they would not ſuffer any vegetation of that kind to grow or reſt in his mind, but plucked it up by the roots. Applauſe I received it is very true, but by all Shuter's friends and acquaintance, which were very numerous, I

was ſhunned and looked upon as treacherous. I think I had ſome perpetual fatality in thoſe (as well as the preſent) days, which quickly clouded my ſunſhine by heavy ſhowers of perplexity.

This trifling imitation of mine (though very like) was truly nonſenſical, and by no means injurious; yet it was ſo blazoned by *all* the performers of both houſes, that I was repreſented in the blackeſt colours, as incapable of friendſhip, ſenſibility, or gratitude. This gave me many a twinge, but the want of his company at that time was a ſevere puniſhment indeed, as not being with him two or three evenings if practicable in the week required, in my young opinion, engagements of a ſuperior kind to make amends for ſo great a loſs as the ſociety of my friend Edward Shuter; my only compenſation was the applauſe I received on my continued imitation, which I thought a very good joke. To keep up my ſpirits, added to my kind reception at the theatre, all my own particular friends in private life were ſtaunch and good, and I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the beſt of mothers perfectly happy, and every reaſonable want at command. Many of my mother's and late father's acquaintance were, as may be ſuppoſed, in the vale of years, and not of the friſky caſt. At that time I frequently dined at the Thatched Houſe, in Pall-Mall, with Colonel Thornton of the Blues; and

being ſo well received at Drury-Lane theatre ſecured thoſe favours—for all in all depends upon ſucceſs, and every day ſtamps that remark;—alſo with young Captain St. Leger (the late General St. Leger) of whom I have ſpoken before.

About the early time of my acquaintance with General St. Leger, Mr. Flood, Colonel Boden, Captain Huſſey, and many others, were frequently on ſnug chit chat parties; ſometimes for dinners, at other times after the play. And indeed theſe agreeable and reputable engagements made me great amends for the almoſt total neglect of ſcenic acquaintance, Mr. Auſtin being then my ſingle intimate theatrical flower, and the only one I could ſelect out of the whole collected bunch of both the royal playhouſe noſegays, and with him that intimacy has continued.

At that time (during the run of Foote's farce) I actually had received genteel preſents not to be too free as an imitator. Mr. Ridout, before my unlucky miſunderſtanding with Shuter, had very frequently deſired the favour of both our companies to ſup with him at the Shakſpeare, at which meeting he informed me that he was unhappy at the apprehenſion of my marking his manner of playing before the London audience, as he was well informed I had the capability of putting ſuch an act into force, for our mutual friend Shuter had

in his laughing manner told him the ſame, but it had more forcibly alarmed him as Mr. Macklin had declared at the Bedford, that Mr. Wilkinſon had proved more genius in his manner of perſonating *that non-entity* RIDOUT, than all his other forces collected; and not many years are elapſed ſince I have, from Mr. Macklin himſelf, heard the ſame expreſſion repeated. Mr. Ridout continued to urge he was not an object of ſufficient conſequence to cauſe any addition to my reputation; therefore unleſs I could alledge a contradictory reaſon to that aſſertion, he deſired Shuter's intereſt might intervene and prevent my putting any ſuch experiment into practice, and ſaid, if he found I let him lie undiſturbed and ſleep in quiet, he on his word of honour would not only think himſelf much indebted to me, but in the utmoſt punctilio prove to me that he was not only an obliged friend, but a grateful one. Shuter ſolicited, and the bond of amity was ſettled to the ſatisfaction of the trio; and I muſt in juſtice add, Mr. Ridout ever behaved to me like a gentleman, and when paſt all worldly cares and ſolicitude, proved himſelf the man of his word and honour, as will hereafter appear.

This whimſical jumble of Mr. Foote's went on till near Chriſtmas, when his benefit was appointed.

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

Shylock (for the firſt time) Mr. FOOTE.

Portia . . . . . Mrs. CLIVE.

To which was advertiſed, for the firſt time that ſeaſon, the farce of

The AUTHOR.

With (in act the firſt)

AN ADDITIONAL SCENE,

Which was wrote purpoſely for my aſſiſtance on that night. The character was entitled and called Mrs. O'Shocknesy; all was ready rehearſed and perfectly prepared for our royal exhibition—when, O dreadful to relate! or, as Mrs. Inchbald's epilogue to Such Things Are expreſſes it, "Down came an order to ſuſpend the ball!"—In plain Engliſh, a peremptory mandate from the Lord Chamberlain to inform Mr. Garrick, that Mr. Aprice, a gentleman of family and fortune, had made perſonal application to him as highly aggrieved, and had urged that, at the united voice of all his connections, he deſired the farce of the Author might be expunged from the liſt of theatrical pieces, they having all concurred in one general opinion that the character of Mr. Cadwallader was purpoſely written and drawn out by the writer

to render ridiculous Mr. Aprice, his manner, and his peculiar oddities, which made him a topic for public laughter, and ſatirical joke and mummery—himſelf and wife could not go along the ſtreets without being inſulted with, "My dear Becky, and here comes Dicky, &c."—which allegations were ſtrictly true: In ſhort, he urged that they were become common objects for laughter and affront by Mr. Foote's audacious freedom; and though he honeſtly confeſſed he had with his wife Dolly ſeen the farce, yet they could not find a ſimilitude, but his family felt injured as well as all their friends, who inſiſted on a curb being laid on Mr. Foote's licentiouſneſs, and the only proper and immediate removal of grievance reſted on the ſenſe, feelings, juſtice, and honour of the Lord Chamberlain for inſtant *redreſs*. His Lordſhip on very little conſideration favoured the remonſtrance, and gave his verdict againſt Mr. Foote: being at the very criſis, and not put in force till the day of performance, all appeal, all intereſt to counterbalance was in vain; he would hear no petitions; that day was the final will and pleaſure; and my poor Mrs. O'Shockneſy's apparel may in conſequence be mouldering for what I know on the ſhelves of the wardrobe at Drury-Lane, but I hope not for the honour of her family, as the wardrobe was in hands that knew how to turn the

penny, and not let any thing be uſeleſs that by wiſe contrivance could be made to produce ſomething, and ſure to do ſo if ever ſo little. This ſudden and fatal decree was irrevocable, and Mr. Foote, as the command came ſo unexpectedly, even while I was actually rehearſing the new ſcene, was thrown into a conſternation and panic not to be deſcribed. Thoſe who are inured to misfortunes bear ſhocks of terror and diſappointment with more firmneſs of mind than thoſe whom affluence and favour have courted, as uſe reconciles hardſhips; and indeed is comprehended by what every old man and woman can ſay, That one half of the world do not know how the other half live.

Mr. Foote appeared ſhocked, pale, and dejected, for in the Author he had depended on honours flowing thick upon him, which this haſty killing froſt not only nipped but cut the root, ſo as to prevent its being for that year a tree bearing fruit; nay, even Mrs. Clive was melted, who hated him, and had ſaid but an hour before, "You play Shylock, Mr. Foote! how the devil ſhould you know how to act Shylock, who never could play a character well in your life!" "Why not, madam?" replied Foote, "how can you tell I can't act Shylock till you have ſeen me?" "Why," replied Clive, (with a woman-like reaſon) becauſe I am certain you don't know how to ſpeak a line of

it;" and all was by the angry lady as eaſily pronounced as if it had been ſaid to her cook-wench. By the bye, though ſhe was a comic actreſs *beyond* compare, when in her proper line, as Mrs. Heidleburgh, Widow Blackacre, &c. yet her Portia was as truly bad as her own imagination (however contemptible it might be) formed Mr. Foote's Shylock would be. But this tender Catherine (and there ſhe was clever) almoſt ſobbed for her dear Foote when the Author was prohibited, and his Lordſhip, who ſent the decree, did not eſcape her deprecations: but the ſecret lay here; Becky, I mean Mrs. Cadwallader, her part in the farce, being ſtopped, was as great a diſappointment to her as an actreſs, as the Author being ſilenced was to Mr. Foote. He felt like Shylock, which he had been rehearſing, and regretted the money this ſtoppage would loſe him, three thouſand ducats in that, beſides other precious jewels. The incomparable Clive outwardly grieved for Foote, and acted it very well, though tragedy was not her forte, but was inwardly aſſiſted by her anger, and all her tenderneſs being really moved for the loſs of her dear Mrs. Cadwallader; and certainly very few ſuch inſtances of great acting ever was or will be produced in competition with her performance of that character. She there (as Cibber ſays in his preface) outdid her uſual outdoings. She was

the terror of poets, managers, actors, actreſſes, and muſicians—O rare Kate Clive!—there was no reſource left but to change the farce, ſtick up freſh bills, explain the unavoidable neceſſity for ſo doing, and requeſt the uſual indulgence—as to what farce—the ſtale Diverſions of the Morning was the only ſubſtitute. Theſe precautions taken, Mr. Foote went home to dinner as ſheepiſh and with as little appetite as I had done ſome weeks before on my general lecture day, and I dare anſwer for him with as little reliſh; for thoſe who are bleſſed with ſuperabundant ſpirits, when once they are ſunk, are quite chop-fallen.

I retired with a mediocrity of temper on this occaſion like an eaſy gentleman, though really ſorry for Mr. Foote: I was alſo ſorry for the loſs of my Iriſh lady, whom I had juſt taken into keeping; but as my wants were not pinched, this little tracas did not depreſs me. The audiences in London generally have great conſideration, and though diſappointed and vexed at not ſeeing this long promiſed favourite farce of the Author, with the new ſcene, were convinced that Mr. Foote ſhould rather claim their pity and encouragement than their condemnation, as he loſt not only by his houſe being in ſome degree prejudiced that night, by the peremptory order of high office, but alſo his profits from the managers for

eight or ten nights, which alluring proſpects were rendered impracticable, great expectations being daily increaſed by Mr. Foote's repeated puffs in the public papers, not omitting the humour and excellence to be expected from Wilkinſon's new character of Mrs. O'Shocknesy. The ſubſtitution of the Diverſions of the Morning was received rather like a new favourite than a repeated old piece, which is generally the caſe in London whenever the Chapter of Accidents cauſes diſappointments, and every one is thoroughly convinced whatever has happened wrong is not in conſequence of neglect or deſign. Nothing will ſtronger poſſeſs minds in general, or warp them to obſtinate ill-nature ſo certainly as an idea of falſehood, art, or the being entrapped by the ſiniſter theatrical views behind the curtain.

Good fortune had whirled her wheel ſo pleaſantly, take her for all in all, till Chriſtmas 1758, that my univerſal acquaintance made me quite an indifferent ſpectator, and ideas of being a great man, which had ſo often been cruſhed and lain dormant began to rear again, not without ſtrong hopes of honours accompanied, I aſſured myſelf that halcyon days would ſome time come; nay, to place my hopes on infallible grounds, a gipſey at Norwood, near Dulwich, fortold wonders; and every wonder, to ſuit my prophetic fancy, ſhe

affirmed, and I, with a faith as ſtrong as a ſenſible methodiſt, believed all.

Mr. Foote, be it underſtood, had not acted at the Hay-Market, with or without permiſſion of the Lord Chamberlain, from the time of his memorable giving Tea; nor from the year 1747, at Covent-Garden; he had not acted at either theatre till one night in the ſpring for Miſs MACKLIN's benefit, Tueſday, April 24, 1753. Her play was the Orphan; ſhe acted Monimia, Mr. Foote acted Buck; but his name (for what reaſon I cannot gueſs) was not inſerted in the bills. The firſt acting of the Engliſhman in Paris was as follows.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BENEFIT OF Mr. MACKLIN.

Saturday, March 24, 1753.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

The part of CALISTA to be performed

By Miſs MACKLIN,

Being the firſt time of her appearing in that character, and the fourth upon any ſtage.

Lothario, - - Mr. DYER.
Sciolto, - - Mr. MACKLIN.
Altamont, - - Mr. RIDOUT.
Lavinia, - - Mrs. ELMY.

And the part of HORATIO to be performed

By Mr. BARRY.

To which will be added, a new Comedy of two acts, called

The ENGLISHMAN in PARIS.

Being an Anſwer to a French Farce, called

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

With an occaſional Prologue between

Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE,

Addreſſed to the PIT.

And an EPILOGUE, by Miſs MACKLIN.

All written by Mr. FOOTE.

*** Nothing under the full price will be taken during the performance.

Miſs Macklin had only acted Jane Shore twice, and Lady Townly once. The firſt night of Miſs Macklin's Jane Shore, it was then a common obſervation, and by a few remembered to this hour, that Mrs. Cibber was that night really inſpired with ſomething more than mortal; ſhe felt the god, and though her Alicia had always been looked upon as one of her very beſt characters, yet that night's performance ſhe never equalled before or ſince. As the world is not over good natured, the cauſe was attributed to ſome offence at the rehearſal ſhe conceived Mr. Macklin to have given her; therefore ſhe determined, in revenge, to hurt Miſs Macklin by her ſuperiority, and caſt all poſſibility of competitorſhip at a diſtance. I do not relate this as a fact, only from Madam *Hear-Say*; but think there muſt have been ſomething extraordinary in Mrs. Cibber's acting that night to have occaſioned ſo many different reports.

Mr. Foote preſented Mr. Macklin with his ſpick ſpan new farce of the Engliſhman in Paris, for his benefit. The character of Lucinda, was drawn on purpoſe to introduce Miſs Macklin to advantage, and prove to the town that Mr. Macklin had not ſpared any expence to render the education and accompliſhments of his daughter worthy the notice of the public. Her dancing and muſic maſter were purpoſely introduced, to

prove her various excellencies. Mr. Macklin acted Buck.—In April it was buzzed, that Mr. Foote himself was to act Buck for Miss Macklin's benefit, which I believe he did on Tuesday the 24th of April, with a *new prologue*. But Mr. Foote was not seen and advertised as an actor, from the spring 1748, till at Drury-Lane in October and November 1753, five years, when Garrick wrote the prologue—a part of which I have inserted before, relative to a circumstance already mentioned, and here give the remainder.—

Among the matters that occasion prate,
Even *I* sometimes am matter for debate.
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
Sir *Peter Primrose*, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks from himself and politicks, to me.
Papers, boy!—Here, Sir! I am, what news to-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertised——what——run away!
No, Sir, he acts this week at Drury-Lane.
How's that! (cries *Feeble Grub*) Foote come again!
I thought that fool had done his devil's dance;
Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?
Up starts *Machone*, and thus the room harangu'd;
'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
But to be sure, 'twas all a hum, because
I have seen him since, and after such disgrace,
No gentleman would dare to shew his face.

To him reply'd a ſneering bonny Scot;
You raſin reet, my frynd, haung'd he was not,
But neither you nor I caun tell how ſoon he'll gaung
to pot.
Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit diſplays,
Such is the tax each ſon of Folly pays.
On this my ſcheme they many names beſtow,
'Tis fame, 'tis pride, nay worſe—the pocket's low.
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity,
And what's more ſtrange, perhaps, you'll ſee
Tho' not ſo great a portion of it—modeſty.
For you I'll curb each ſelf-ſufficient thought,
And kiſs the rod, whene'er you point a fault.
Many my paſſions are, tho' one my view,
They all concentre, in the pleaſing you.

I muſt here note, that Mr. Foote's firſt imitations of the actors was only on his firſt appearing on the Hay-market ſtage.—After that flouriſh he had a very genteel fortune left him in 1748, and his gaiety of diſpoſition and thoughtleſſneſs was ſuch as to ſuppoſe the ſtage was not worthy of attention, and he did not imagine it was ever more to be his deſtined lot; till that fortune by being expended obliged him, from craving neceſſity, to bethink himſelf and return.

Mr. Foote was deſcended from a family of diſtinction in Devonſhire, a Sir John Goodeere; but as I have not knowledge of heraldry, and know not all the particulars, will only mention

that was the name of the reſpectable family to whom he by right claimed relationſhip. He was introduced in every reſpect into the world with a fortune which his volatility ſoon expended, and was univerſally known and received as a gentleman in every party, where he was eſpouſed, careſſed, and connected: he ſoon proved himſelf a ſpendthrift, and was truly in character as "The Engliſhman returned from Paris."

In this year, September 1753, Miſs Macklin was regularly engaged as an actreſs at Drury-Lane, and Mr. Macklin took his farewell of the public in the following epilogue, (as a veteran actor, thirty-ſeven years ſince) Dec. 1753.

Mr. MACKLIN'S FAREWELL EPILOGUE.

Poor I, toſs'd up and down from ſhore to ſhore,
Sick, wet, and weary, will to ſea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
That this laſt voyage with ſucceſs is made,
The ſhip full laden, and the freight all paid.
Since then for reaſons I the ſtage give o'er,
And for your ſakes—write tragedies no more:
Some other ſchemes, of courſe, poſſeſs my brain,
For he who once has eat—muſt eat again.
And leſt this lank, this melancholy phiz,
Should grow more lank, more diſmal than it is;
A ſcheme I have in hand will make you ſtare!
Tho' off the ſtage I ſtill muſt be the play'r.

Still muſt I follow the theatric plan,
Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each gueſt appear a diff'rent man.
I (like my liquors) muſt each palate hit,
Rake with the wild, be ſober with the cit,
Nay ſometimes act my leaſt becoming part—the wit.
With politicians I muſt nod—ſeem full——
And act my beſt becoming part---the dull.
My plan is this—man's form'd a ſocial creature,
Requiring converſe by the laws of nature;
And as the moon can raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
So—Do I make myſelf well underſtood?
I'm puzzled faith—let us like BAYES agree it,
You'll know my plot much better when you ſee it.
But truce with jeſting, let me now impart
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry laſt,
My mind ſhall treaſure up your favours paſt;
And might one added boon increaſe the ſtore,
With much leſs ſorrow ſhould I quit this ſhore;
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge my fondneſs leaves behind.
To you her guardians, I reſign my care,
Let her with others your indulgence ſhare;
Whate'er MY fate; if this my wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the FATHER, tho' the SCHEMIST fails.

Mr. Macklin performed that very night in the Refuſal, or the Ladies Philoſophy, Sir Gilbert Wrangle; Lady Wrangle, Mrs. Macklin; and Charlotte, Miſs Macklin: The entertainment was the Engliſhman in Paris.

In a few years he returned to the ſtage, his tavern and coffee-room having embarraſſed, not made his fortune. And this very Mr. Macklin, in February 1789, performed at Covent Garden theatre, Shylock and Sir Archy M'Sarcaſm, on one and the ſame night, aged ninety; alſo in the ſame year, Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, in the Man of the World; which part is not leſs, according to our theatrical lingo, than thirty-ſix lengths — each length ſhould be forty-four lines, including the cues. I am more induced to introduce this remarkable circumſtance here, as it is in ſome degree affinitive to my narration relative to Mr. Foote and myſelf, and marks in time and place Mr. Macklin as the wonder of our theatrical hemiſphere, whom we now find again on the boards, thirty-ſeven years after he had taken his farewell of the ſtage.

That excellent performer, and undoubted good ſtage preceptor of unbounded credit, for the honour and reputation of the fraternity, has ſhewn and proved in a full court of juſtice, and aſſerted the proper rights and privileges of an actor, as an Engliſhman, and has not only relieved the oppreſſed performer's mind, when overpowered by injuſtice and calumny, but made himſelf riſe, not only in a diſtinguiſhed light as an aſſerter of natural liberty, but elevated him in a much ſuperior

degree when poſſeſſed of retribution for wrongs and aſſociated villainy combined againſt him; and proved to mankind, that he never forgot his maſter Shakſpeare, who ſays,

> That man ſhews likeſt God,
> When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.

For though his damages granted were great, and would have nearly ruined his oppreſſors, yet he was content with victory, and, like a true conqueror, eſtabliſhed his rights by an act of clemency, and freely forgave all claim to the ſpoils he had been allowed.

Leaſt it ſhould not be known to what I allude, I refer to Mr. Macklin's trial of a combined riot to prevent his ever playing again. Mr. Macklin pleaded as his own counſel, and Lord Mansfield declared on the bench, that Mr. Macklin, though an excellent player, had never acted his part ſo well as on that day:—Therefore let every performer reverence him and his name; and may he ever be in their flowing cups remembered, and not forget at the ſame time, that this honour to the profeſſion took his leave of the public as mentioned, but returned in a few years, wrote Love A-la-Mode, Man of the World, &c. pieces of ſterling worth, and was this year, 1789, acting in play and farce.—Sure he has laboured hard in the

vineyard, and pray God he may deſcend peacefully and happily to his grave. If any players are bleſſed with being holy ſpirits, ſure they will all hail his relief from this temporary abode of toil and ſorrow.

Mr. Foote's benefit, though he was diſappointed of his farce of the Author, was, it is true, very beneficial; but his career was ſtopped, and our Diverſions of the Morning, though it had afforded good dinners, ſuppers, &c. for ſeveral weeks, would not any longer produce even tea for breakfaſt, particularly on a ſharing plan; as like moſt things in this world, it had had its day; and Foote could only *reflect* on his own lines in that very farce, where Crambo repeats,

——O what a Lord Mayor's feaſt of joy art thou!
Thy face is veniſon, and thy neck white veal;
And all thy other parts are beef and pudding.——

For ſays Foote, (as Mr. Puzzle) a poet ſhould always make compariſons on thoſe things he likes beſt. So Mr. Foote, the poet, had, by the approach of January, with perfect eaſe ſquandered away all the profits which aroſe from our diverſions, and as eaſily the maſſy ſum of his benefit night; ſo all the extravagant rarities which he had enjoyed in November and December, were, in a comparative view, to be devoured by a real good

ſtomach, by imagination, with fancied delicacies, like his own poet Mr. Crambo; and Mr. Foote therefore in earneſt felt the January blaſts, which cut him through and through.

A ſingle joint of mutton was his fare, of which I often partook, and he generally had one or two to dine with him; but humble port and Liſbon were the only wines at dinner—no claret or Madeira, for the credit had wained with the pocket—He never could work till his genius was put to its wits end. Poets are generally mentioned as poor, and too frequently are ſo; but I gueſs they have one particular advantage, which other people when the ſhoe pinches do not enjoy; for like the bear, that when in want of food finds ſuſtenance from ſucking his paws,—ſo the poet, when in want of luxuries, feeds on his own thoughts, which luckily are never ſo bright or come to his aid with equal ſwiftneſs of thought and fiery flights of fancy as when deſtitute of the good things of this world; he then needs not Mr. Bayes s recipe of ſtewed prunes, or to phyſic and let blood to purge the belly. I muſt allow myſelf at that time much obliged to his good breeding, as he ever ſeemed glad to ſee me at his table, and ſeemed to ſtudy to make that table agreeable; and indeed he never ſhewed himſelf to more advantage than when making his gueſts welcome, as he ſeemed the gene-

rous, hoſpitable, cheerful, and ſincere friend of every perſon who partook of his fare, which was always of the beſt, whenever the beſt could with convenience be procured.

He was ſoon after his benefit in ſuch a ſtate of poverty, that all parties at the Thatched Houſe, Bedford Arms, &c. were obliged to be given up. He appeared vexed whenever I was indiſpenſably engaged, unleſs indeed he could get much better company, ſuch as Mr. Murphy or Mr. Macklin, but they were not always to be had, nor were they ever hand and glove; for whenever Macklin and he had a tiff, though I believe Mr. Foote might be the aggreſſor, yet Mr. Macklin on ſuch broileries would treat him, not only very cavalierly, but very roughly.

At the time my company was ſo welcome, many happy laughing evenings have I had in James-ſtreet with himſelf, Meſſrs. Murphy, and Macklin; often as the circling glaſs went round and warmed my vain heart, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Macklin would communicate their intentions of proceeding on a play or farce, or ſome lucky thought; Foote got all the information he could, and, like Mr. Bayes, pop! he clapped it down and made it his own.

Mr. Murphy had particularly tried how far Mr. Foote was worthy to be truſted; for in 1753,

when Mr. Foote's Engliſhman in Paris was acted, he approved of it ſo much, that like Sir John Vanbrugh, who reliſhed Cibber's Love's Laſt Shift, and his good acting of Sir Novelty Faſhion, in complement to Cibber's merit, both as author and actor, he wrote the Relapſe, or Virtue in Danger, as a ſequel to Love's Laſt Shift, and created Sir Novelty Faſhion a peer of the realm, under the title of Lord Foppington :——So Mr. Murphy, pleaſed with the Engliſhman in Paris, paid the ſame compliment to his intimate friend Mr. Foote, and ſet about writing a ſequel to his piece.

Mr. Murphy made his firſt appearance as an actor at Covent Garden theatre on Friday the 18th of October, 1754, in the character of Othello—went over to Drury-Lane in September 1755, and on Saturday, September 20, played Oſmyn in the Mourning Bride—produced his new farce of the Apprentice on Friday, January 2, 1756. He had in the ſummer of 1755 finiſhed his farce called, The Engliſhman returned from Paris, being a ſequel to Mr. Foote's Engliſhman in Paris; of which he having informed Mr. Foote, it cauſed his genius immediately to ſet to work and finiſh a farce in two acts on the ſame plan, and with which he ſuddenly ſurpriſed Mr. Murphy, (while his farce of the Apprentice was acting with much good fortune at its heels at Drury-Lane) by hav-

ing a new farce in two acts, called The Engliſh-man returned from Paris, in rehearſal at Covent-Garden, and he had it acted for the firſt time on Tueſday, February 3, 1756. Mr. Murphy was much chagrined and juſtly offended with Mr. Foote's duplicity on this occaſion. The reception Mr. Foote's piece obtained at Covent Garden was ſuch as to preclude Mr. Murphy from all thoughts of gain by an offer of his farce at Drury-Lane, not only by its ſucceſs at the oppoſite theatre, but by Mr. Foote's being a thorough judge of the ſubject from his frequent trips to Paris; Mr. Murphy therefore contented himſelf with bringing out his Engliſhman returned from Paris at his benefit, with an occaſional prologue, on Saturday, April the 3d, which Mr. Murphy ſpoke himſelf, and in ſome humorous lines was very ſevere on his friend Samuel; but Sam had got the money, and it diſturbed him not. In the farce, as well as I can recollect from ſo long a date, and my ſeeing it once, (the only time it was ever acted) I remember ſome doubt was made as to the identity of Sir Charles Buck from Paris, as he had been announced to the public, and introduced for a conſiderable time. "O! yes," replied Sir Charles, "you have had an impoſtor in town, who, with much eaſy familiarity and aſſurance, has ſtolen my writings, &c. and not only robbed me, but has alſo

impudently dared to assume my name; but I am the true Sir Charles Buck. This occasioned a great roar, the only one I remember to have heard during the farce, unless to Mrs. Clive.

As January 1759 had pinched, so February, instead of being more calm and quiet, made the air of Covent Garden far from being softened; for it nipt the wit with increasing severity. Foote therefore, as a resource, wrote to the manager at Edinburgh.—Callender (as near as I can remember) was the name of that commander; the theatre at that time in Scotland was only a smuggling vessel, but now it is enlarged and dubbed a royal man of war. Mr. Callender wrote Mr. Foote word, that himself and his company would be proud of his assistance for a few nights, and assured him it was a compliment.

At that time birds of passage from London to Scotland were experiments unknown—for it was judged impossible for a London theatrical sunflower to survive the chillness of such a barbarous northern clime; but opinions and experience, which make fools wise, have proved it to be not only a happy asylum, but as fine a hot-house for the preservation, and as good a nursery for rare and delicate theatrical plants as ever those of Drury-Lane and Covent Garden could at any time produce, in spight of the advantages that Co-

went Garden poſſeſſes, and is undoubtedly a well-ſupplied market for all our *wants* and *wiſhes*.

Foote at Edinburgh (to uſe M'Ruthen's words) was *quite a phænomenon*:—Every one in London ſtared at his ſtrange diſpoſition, to adventure from the metropolis of England, a journey of four hundred miles to Edinburgh; and wondered that an actor of eminence ſhould venture to a place, where at that time a ſixty pounds benefit was a treaſure. But that is no more ſurprizing at this juncture, than to mention that the facetious Captain Farquhar, only eighty years ago at Dublin, had 100l. which was then thought to be an enormous ſum.

And my different accounts only verify the ſame degree of increaſe of receipts at Dublin; but then the public, when they recollect how well performers lived thirty years ago on leſs incomes than they now have, are too apt to forget the difference there now is in the price of lodgings, coals, candles, meat and drink, and in ſhort in every article of life, as well as the very expenſive ornaments for the ſtage, with the very material article of hair-dreſſing.

Edinburgh, where Mr. Foote firſt pointed out the road for Londoners to make excurſions to, has made the moſt rapid ſtrides in arts, elegance, and luxury, of any place in the three kingdoms.

Dublin, though wonderfully improved, was, thirty-two years ago, a noble, populous, and extenſive city—Edinburgh was not, but it now really is; and, for my own part, common honeſty and honour compels me to remember I have often gone thither and often returned, and never had to re-croſs the Tweed again for Scotland but my heart felt a ſecret pleaſure at the thought of viſiting once more thoſe whoſe attachments had been laſting, and not vaniſhed like the vapours of a day.

Mr. Foote's trip to the North anſwered much better than was expected; the ſtage at that time being a place of reſort in Edinburgh only for ſuch independent perſons as dared to judge for themſelves, and venture into that ſeat of profanation.

It was but in the year 1756 the Rev. Mr. Home was ſo diſſolute as to bring out his tragedy of Douglas in the Edinburgh old theatre in the Canongate; for which heinous offence the elders of the kirk doomed him to baniſhment and excommunication for writing and bringing on a public ſtage a piece to be exhibited by play actors in Satan's tabernacle. This bigotry has worn off; and as extremes are often the ſubſequent conſequence, I believe Edinburgh may vie with its neighbours in having many perſons not too much troubled with attending thoſe duties of religion, for which that city once boaſted in a violent degree of enthuſiaſm.

Foote, when he received Callender's invitation, talked as familiarly of ſetting off as if he had been only going to Drury-Lane theatre, where the boxes were open to him; but on his preparation for his Scotch journey, when his hand went into his pocket, it ſoon reminded him there wanted the needful, both for going abroad or ſtaying at home.—"Well," ſays he, "This Scotch experiment muſt be tried, but where's the means? Damn it, I muſt ſolicit that hound Garrick!"—He immediately did, and Garrick lent him 100l. But then he lent it *like* Mr. Garrick: for, tho' he choſe to grant the favour to Mr. Foote, yet he could not omit his love of parade on the occaſion; for when he ſaid *yes*, he did not do it generouſly and genteely, for fear the world ſhould not know it, but told Mr. Foote he would ſee Pritchard at noon, and he (Mr. Foote) might draw on him in the evening for the ſum, and leave his note of acknowledgment for the ſame. Foote did not reliſh the humiliating ſituation to appear before the playhouſe treaſurer, as if requeſting a boon from his maſter, nor could he aſk any gentleman of his acquaintance to tranſact the buſineſs for him, as thereby he muſt betray his poverty. He did not approve of ſending his ſervant; and as each of theſe modes ſeemed to leſſen his conſequence, he at laſt determined to apply to me—with, "My

dear Wilkinſon!" and "Do, my good friend, let me employ you on this difficult matter;" to which I readily agreed,—took his note to Drury-Lane Treaſury-Office, which after due examination paſſed current; for I received the caſh and ſoon returned with it to Mr. Foote, which gave him ſuch ſpirits, that all his cares were over, and it ſeemed a moot point with him, whether he ſhould continue in London and ſpend the money, or undertake the journey in ſearch of more; but for a wonder, prudence once prevailed, and the chaiſe was ordered to be ready in the morning, and he accordingly ſet off for canny Edinburgh: On the evening he received the caſh, he not only feaſted with Mr. Garrick's money, but by way of returning thanks, told more ludicrous ſtories of him than at any other time I ever recollect. He ridiculed him much as a poet, and ſaid "David's verſes were ſo bad, (and Garrick ſo fond of writing) that if he died firſt, he dreaded the thoughts of his compoſing his epitaph." This ſatire was whimſical and highly diverting; but certainly not doing Garrick juſtice, as the public and the ſtage are indebted to him for ſeveral pieces of great merit; and if he has not left ſufficient fame to ſtand as one of the firſt of the Engliſh poets, yet he is above mediocrity, and is ſurely to be placed far ſuperior to the worſt; but

wits muſt be forgiven for ſuch little ſallies.—When Mr. Foote was gone, I paſſed the remainder of the winter very happily with my friends, who, abſtracted from the theatre, were increaſed and increaſing, and I wiſhed them not to be diminiſhed: My lady mother, thank God, by my means, was to the full as happy, and as well accommodated as myſelf.

From the time of Mr. Foote's benefit and his departure from London, I never had any intercourſe with King David: But I have omitted to mention, that on the evening of Mr. Foote's leaving his lodgings in James's-ſtreet, and on my wiſhing him a profitable, pleaſant, and ſafe journey, I requeſted the favour of his performance on my benefit night, which could not according to my rank of ſalary happen till after his return from Scotland, which I ſuppoſed would be in about ſix weeks: I thought I was not only entitled, but had a right by my ſervices to him, both in London and Dublin, to expect my requeſted favour would be granted as ſoon as aſked; and indeed I wondered he had not prevented my aſking him, by firſt offering me ſuch a compliment, which in truth he aſſured me was his intention and his wiſh, and complied with it as a pleaſure to himſelf, if he could by ſuch a trifling trouble be of the leaſt ſervice to me, for whom

had ſuch a real and reſpectful regard, and added to it, that he promiſed me all his intereſt for my boxes, which declaration ſent me home perfectly eaſy and happy: and here for a time the matter reſted, as I was entirely aſſured and ſatisfied with what he had profeſſed; but I was yet to learn—that words are but wind—ſhips are but boards—and men are but men.

Soon after Mr. Foote's departure, I was engaged on a party one evening at the Bedford-Head Tavern, Southampton-ſtreet, which conſiſted of Colonel Thornton, Colonel Boden, a Captain S—— in the ſea-ſervice, myſelf, and others; after the hour of two the company thinned by degrees till only Colonel Thornton and myſelf remained, when in about ten minutes a waiter entered precipitately, and ſaid, "Mr. Wilkinſon was wanted on urgent buſineſs:" I could not conceive what matter of moment could require my attendance at ſo late an hour; but inſtantly obeyed the ſummons, and was introduced into a parlour, where I found Captain S— ſurrounded by waiters and the hoſt. After a motion to enjoin ſtrict ſilence, and requeſting above all things, that Col. Thornton ſhould not know of the circumſtance, Capt. S—— informed me the doors were ſurrounded by bailiffs who had a writ againſt him, and he therefore earneſtly deſired I would exchange my clothes for

his uniform—a chair ſhould be called, the curtains drawn, and the waiters to order loudly the chairmen in the paſſage to carry the gentleman as quick as poſſible to the George Inn, Drury-Lane. I agreed, ran up ſtairs, took leave of the Colonel, and informed him a ſingular circumſtance had occurred which I was bound in honour not to reveal; and I kept to my word, returned to Captain S—, and equipped myſelf in an officer like manner, and was, as if by ſtealth and ſecrecy, conveyed in the ſedan with much ſpeed till the men ſet down their burthen at the George Inn: I then let down the window, and bid the chairman ring the bell; on his performing that office, a large fiſted bailiff quickly ſupplied his place, and proclaimed me his priſoner: aſſurances that he was wrong were in vain, for he perſiſted in his aſſertion, till I actually told him the matter of fact, knowing Captain S— had made good uſe of his time and ſafely eſcaped; the bailiff ſwore like thunder, I coolly told him, if he was not perfectly ſatisfied with the juſtifiable mode I had taken to ſerve a friend—if he wanted more information, he muſt follow the chair to my lodgings in Half-Moon-Street, to which reſidence I ordered the chairmen to proceed immediately; the bailiffs did not chooſe to follow, but went in fruitleſs ſearch of their prey, and I retired to reſt,

well pleaſed with the event: In conſequence of this, Capt. S——, the night before a ſtranger, continued an intimacy and friendſhip with me for ſome years.

March ſoon made its yearly viſit, and, on the approach of April, it hinted to me it was high time to make the neceſſary appearance before my Maſter Garrick, and humbly to inquire, with all ſubmiſſive duty and awful reſpect, when my benefit was to be fixed? (A matter that yearly makes wonderful uneaſineſs in many male and female breaſts on their annual expectations, as the event of benefit cauſes the paſſions alternately of hope, fear, envy, joy, diſtreſs, exultation, deſpondency, &c. &c. to take place, and raiſe whirlwinds in their brain.) My article this year, to a certainty, gave me the power and right to aſk ſuch a queſtion; but Mr. Garrick as uſual anſwered, "Why now, that is, why!—Hey, Croſs, and be d——d to you!—Hey, why now, that is—and I really do not ſee, how that you, young Wilkinſon, can be able, that is to ſay, or for you to preſume to pay the expences of a benefit?—It now really is, and ſo does *Mrs. Garrick* think, an enormous expence; and I do not ſee:—But indeed with a partner I will conſent to it—but not otherwiſe on any account."—However my former fears (like Mrs. Cowley's firſt feelings) were gone

long ago, and I, like an audacious rebel, perſiſted in my right of article to ſuch claim, and ſaid I would abide by the teſt of that article; and if he perſevered in a refuſal, I would get the Crown and Anchor, or ſome other large public room, and try to make a benefit for myſelf. He ſaid he was truly aſtoniſhed at my behaviour, it was ſo ſtrange, ſo rude!—But really, if I would continue in error, why he did not ſee, &c.—and at laſt, with as many delays, as is too often experienced by dependence upon independence, he with affected regard and pity, and a threat of conſequences from his future anger, conſented to fix it; but it was not to be till Monday, May the 14th, 1759.—I took Othello.

OTHELLO, by Mr. WILKINSON.

WITH

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

At the ſame time aſſuring him, that Mr. Foote would play for me. As to Mr. Foote's acting for me, I really thought it a duty, as well as a debt of honour.

Mr. Foote came to town in a few days; and in my bills and advertiſements were publiſhed both play and farce, but luckily (as it proved) I had not inſerted Mr. Foote's name. I called to ſee him,

and had reaſon to believe he was denied: I called a ſecond time, and was then admitted; I congratulated him on his return, and informed him of my reliance on his fulfilling his promiſe by performing for my benefit, which was to be on the 14th of May; and on that full dependence I had advertiſed the Diverſions of the Morning, and had the pleaſure to inform him my boxes were all taken. Foote, after coughing and taking a quantity of ſnuff, and plucking his chin with tweezers, a conſtant habit of his in private life; at length coolly replied, "That as a young man he wiſhed me ſucceſs in the world; but was hurt to obſerve, the publiſhing his farce was an unwarrantable freedom. His health was very indifferent, and would not permit his aſſiſting me at my benefit. The infinite ſervices and favours he had conferred on me, by introducing me to the public notice of the London and Dublin audiences, were a full or more than an equal compenſation, for ſuch trifling, immaterial aſſiſtance as I had given him, or that my vanity might have ſuppoſed to have added to the ſucceſs of his piece, by performing in it." Then again added, "He was not well, and beſides he had letters of conſequence to deſpatch, and no time to trifle away, therefore muſt wiſh me a good-morning." I was truly aſtoniſhed, as may be eaſily ſuppoſed, at ſuch an

unexpected, mean, despicable behaviour! It was ingratitude in every sense of the word.

The reader will recollect what a winter of confusion and turbulence I had undergone.—The money I had certainly drawn by the sweat of my brow. He had feasted on my labour, and had lived in clover, while I was merely buffetted from pillar to post. I desired he would not by any means neglect his health or his letters of consequence, for that I not only took my leave of him for that day, but was determined never more to trouble him with a second visit: However, to try him further, I said, as the farce was advertised, my loss would be irreparable if not performed, and hoped he would not add additional cruelty by inflicting a punishment unmerited, by the refusal of the copy of his farce. He sternly replied, indeed he should; he had a reputation to lose, and would not hazard the representation of any piece of his not printed, to be mutilated, spoiled, and condemned by my ignorant bungling. Here the visit ended, and I left him most truly with an honest contempt, and said to him, when at the door, "Farewell Mr. Foote!" and determined never more to renew our acquaintance.

In this dilemma some management was necessary how to cook up my bill-of-fare, as the 14th of May required strength to make the night

faſhionable; my beſt and only reſource ſeemed to be the waiting on Mr. Garrick, and entreating the favour of his hearing the relation of my wrongs, as I could not think of any expedient for relief, unleſs he would for once adviſe and aſſiſt me: This intention I put into inſtant practice; and Mr. Garrick received my tale of ill-treatment with more attention and good nature than I could poſſibly have expected from our long diſtance and quarrels. In fact he inwardly rejoiced at the deſtroying my connection with Foote, as he thought that, together, we were two miſchievous devils, and capable of giving him great uneaſineſs. He ſtepped forward and ſaid, "Well, Tate, (O, thought I, if it is *well*, *Tate*, all will be right) you will now be convinced of your error in offending me; and you will learn in future, I hope, to diſtinguiſh between your real friends and your profeſſional ones." I thanked him, and urged my wiſh for the continuance of the farce, (and which I had long in ſecret ſecured, it was correctly wrote out for me by Mr. Brownſmith, under prompter to Mr. Croſs, of that theatre.) "Why now," ſays Garrick, "that is, if you have a true copy; why, but what would you do with it for want of Foote's characters being ſupplied." "O," ſays I, "do not fear that, Sir, for I mean to do them myſelf; and in thoſe cha-

racters, I will make such an example of *good* Mr. Foote, by fair imitation, as shall cause him to remember giving Tea as long as he lives."

Garrick's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and betrayed a satisfaction he wished to conceal. He inwardly hated Foote (and not altogether without reason); he wished to frown, but with all his ingenuity and cunning he was not an actor equal to the task, for he could not hold back any longer his consent, and said he was really unhappy at the ill usage I had received from "that Foote." Foote owed me a recompence for my great services; but if I had lost a false friend, I should find in him a true one; but he must observe, that he expected I would not make a bad use of his kindness, but plant my mimicry against Foote alone, as he was a proper object, and he wished every success to my benefit and performance: Nay, he was so generous, that he insisted on a bottle of wine being brought and after the second glass, he asked me if I would drink any more? but carefully at the same time put the cork into the bottle: "No more, Sir." Nay he was so generous on that occasion as to give me a neat new edition of Othello, worth one shilling and sixpence, which I have to this day preserved, and have piously transmitted it to my son. When parting with him he assured me, that he was so much hurt at the ill-treat-

ment I had received from Foote, that he never would make any future agreement with him: which, though merely words to pleaſe me on our reconciliation, were prophetic; as from that ſeaſon it was not until the Minor happened to ſucceed, two years after, that Mr. Foote acted by engagement with Mr. Garrick: a long time, when we conſider Garrick had ſpoken——

As heroes, ſtates, and kingdoms riſe and fall:
So—(with the mighty to compare the ſmall—)
Thro' int'reſt, whim, or if you pleaſe thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic ſtate;
The ſock and buſkin fly from ſtage to ſtage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? All ſurpriſe muſt ceaſe
When we reflect, how int'reſt, or caprice,
Make real kings break *articles of peace*.

I promiſed him not to introduce any mimicry that might tend to the leaſt likeneſs whatever of the performers of either theatre; and reflection, and a little experience, ſoon convinced me it was neceſſary to act with every caution, and to ſacrifice a little applauſe to the proſpect of hereafter obtaining ſubſtantial proſperity.

The wiſhed-for night arrived; a ſplendid and a crowded houſe.—Lady Granard, Lady Tyrawly, Sir Francis Delaval, the Duke of Portland, the Captains Dives's, the Hanways, Mrs. Jones Skel-

ton, &c. &c. had secured all my boxes. My acquaintance, with such particular interest, aided by public curiosity, a full theatre cannot be a matter of great surprise to relate.

Othello being the first character I had attempted in London, alarmed me much, particularly as the name of my mimicry had lessened all hopes of my being an actor in proportion as that reputation arose, for every idea had been well circulated with indefatigable pains by the several families of the Sneers, the Blandishes, and the Candours. In the collaring scene, in act the third, I not only received repeated plaudits, but even a huzza!—Yet what was really extraordinary I sunk again into a languor and stupid sameness, which never was or yet has been one of my faults in the long catalogue, and that I should be so stupidly dull and awkward with a crowd of friends is surprising! Indeed the only reason I can even now suggest, was my heart and soul being so taken up with my public and dangerous attack on Mr. Foote, and that by undertaking a long and fatiguing character, with the almost certainty of chill and cold to fix an instant hoarseness, which I have generally found to be the case after playing a Mooriſh part. This should still be a lesson for young and old performers never to run such a hazardous trial, by attempting too much in search of fame;

for by thoſe means they let ſlip the ball they might with caution catch. I had not only, when heated, the black to remove from my neck and face by repeated attempts with cold pomatum and great plenty of water and ſoap to ſcour them clean, but twice after to dreſs from top to toe—firſt as Lady Pentweazle—then as Mr. Foote in the ſecond act of the farce: But youth with good ſpirits, accompanied with applauſe, can do wonders.

My Lady Pentweazle went off with every ſucceſs my moſt ſanguine hopes could wiſh for; but, when I came on in the very dreſs Foote had worn, and as Mr. Foote, the audience ſeemed actually aſtoniſhed; and, from that point being gained, I really was for the remainder of the evening perſuaded by the height of fancy that *I was Mr. Foote*. I gave all the particulars he had done, with the imitation of his puppets, and a new Italian burletta of my own compoſing, in the manner of the favourite burletta-ſingers then at the Opera Houſe; and what moſt highly pleaſed, was the converſation ſcene between Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, as Mr. Foote and Mrs. Clive, which cheered the audience, as they had not ſeen it for two years: Peals of laughter attended the performance, and, I may add, ſhouts of applauſe at all my ſtrokes on Mr. Foote.

When the curtain dropped great congratulations followed, with ſuch heart-felt ſatisfaction to myſelf, as made me judge, like Shift in the Minor, that " *thinking myſelf* pretty near equal to my maſter, I made him one of his own bows, and ſet up for myſelf."—But more of that ſpeech will occur in its proper place, as he wrote Shift as a ſatirical level—a cap to fit me—which cap turned out the richeſt I ever wore, and entirely at my maſter Foote's expence.

My friend Joſeph Auſtin's benefit was to be on the Wedneſday following, May the 16th, the Fair Quaker of Deal, and the farce of the Apprentice, in which farce he had deſired me to perform a new ſcene: the Apprentice, (the firſt time) Mr. Auſtin: But the wonderful reception of my farce on the Monday occaſioned him to alter his intentions, and deſired me to repeat the ſame for him, which I was in true regard bound to promiſe and perform. When Garrick came to the theatre on the Tueſday morning, (for he had kept out of the way for fear of my d——d tricks he ſaid) Mr. Auſtin was there and informed him of the particulars of the Monday. Mr. Auſtin ſaid, that he greatly enjoyed all Wilkinſon's ſtrokes upon Foote. Garrick then pretending to be angry ſaid, " Now, why Auſtin, now what d——d tricks has this friend Tate of your's been at?

well, and now you want him to be at his tricks again on Wednesday next? Well now, really, Austin I will have no more to do with these d——d exotics:—But you say he really trimmed Foote well! ha! ha! ha!" In the midst of this cheerful scene came a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, couched in severe terms for Mr. Wilkinson's taking the liberty on Monday night to restore and act a scene from the Author, which had been prohibited; it had given great offence to Mr. and Mrs. Aprice, and therefore it was expected no such rude infringement should be again repeated. Mr. Garrick was now really angry at being called to an account for my breach of his theatric laws, but I had thought it vastly clever, as it supplied that part where my imitations of the performers were usually given. Mr. Austin brought me the intelligence, but it chagrined me much; for as I had executed that part so well, it was taking a principal feather from my gaudy newly-acquired plume: however, high authority had laid its weighty commands, and I was obliged, though much against my will, to submit.

The farce was nevertheless acted, but with the Lord Chamberlain's cruel lopping off a principal limb; it went off vastly well, but not with such acclamations as on my own night; for indeed, not having had time to prepare a substitute to supply

the vacancy, was a ſevere ſtroke on my performance.

On my benefit I was favoured with many preſents, which made my profit ſtill more lucrative.—Ten guineas from the Hon. Miſs Foley, (Lord Foley's ſiſter) was preſented me by Mrs. Wardle, and a genteel douceur from herſelf, who had an upper box and filled it. Fluſhed with this good fortune we were as happy a mother and ſon as the kingdom could boaſt.

The theatre cloſed in about fourteen days after my benefit, and I began to prepare for my ſummer campaign, which was once more deſtined for Portſmouth, the war ſtill continuing.

But in conſequence of ſome pique which had happened on my playing all the principal parts the year before, ſeveral had taken it ſo much in dudgeon that a great deſertion enſued. The hero, Mr. Cook (alias Gentleman) who, though very lame and in years, had been the ſtock Romeo, Mr. Gates, Mrs. Price, (who was afterwards married to Mr. Parſons) Mrs. Mozeen, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, all had invited themſelves on a jolly party for Scotland, where they had removed the winter before, and were fixed for ſome time in the Edinburgh company of comedians, and were there when Mr. Foote paid his firſt vi-

ſit; as I believe was Mr. James Aikin, for I heard Mr. Foote, on his return from that place, ſpeak very highly of that gentleman; and I think it was that year.

This deſertion of the Portſmouth troops made recruits quite neceſſary, for which ſupply old Mr. Kennedy, the commander, wrote to me and appointed me agent; for my acquaintance and friends were ſo powerful at Portſmouth as to make my aſſiſtance abſolutely neceſſary to their taking the field with ſafety, or any hopes of ſucceſs. Inſtead of engaging one tragedy queen, I enliſted two, which did not turn out to my ſatisfaction, as a Mrs. Daly was there, whom I had created empreſs the ſummer before, which rendered it next impoſſible for me to pleaſe all the three. From Bath I got my good friend Miſs Morriſon; from London a Miſs Kitty White: Miſs Kitty married a young man of the name of Burden the ſeaſon I am mentioning; ſo ſhe got bleſſed with a huſband by my means.

Mrs. White, the mother, was a moſt extraordinary character, and worthy of record; far from wanting ſenſe and obſervation, ſhe was quick, lively, cunning, and ſagacious, but had paſſions that outſtripped the wind, yet good-natured at times: All this variety, as differently tuned for

good or ill temper, was aided by the fineſt ſlip-ſlop collection of words imaginable, that made her in truth, not only to myſelf, but to many others, an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment, and ſhe was to me beyond compare the moſt diverting old lady I ever met with. Whenever Burden, her ſon-in-law, gave offence, which was almoſt perpetually, ſhe uſed thus to harangue her daughter, "Ma'am, you have married a feller beneath you—you played Lucy laſt night in the Minor better than Mrs. Cibber could have done upon my ſould, and yet this ſcoundrol would hurt ſuch a devine cretur!" "True, mama," replied her daughter, "but ſuppoſe he ſhould in deſpair and rage cut his throat?" "Cut his throat! let him cut his throat and go to the devil; but he won't cut his throat, no ſuch good luck. But I'll tell you what ma'am, if you contradict me I'll fell you at my feet, and trample over your *corſe* ma'am, for you are a limb, ma'am; your father on his death-bed told me you were a limb.———You are pure as *ermind*, ma'am, except with Sir Francis *Dolvol*, and you ſhan't live with your huſband, ma'am; you have no buſineſs, ma'am to live with your huſband; the firſt women of quality, ma'am, don't live with their huſbands, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Elmy live with her huſband? No, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Clive

live with her husband? No, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Cibber live with her husband? No, ma'am.——So now, ma'am, you see the best women of *fashion'd* upon yearth don't live with their husbands, ma'am."——And thus concluded one of this good lady's harangues.——Another I must insert from Mrs. Bellamy's life, but which being my own, I may without any injustice claim, and put it in its proper place.

Miss K. White was a pupil of Mr. Rich's, and, during her initiation, Mr. O'Brien, of Drury-Lane theatre, gave her some instructions how to perform with propriety the character of Sylvia in the Recruiting Officer.——One day, as he was thus employed, observing that the lady misconceived his directions, and repeated a passage very improperly, he told her she ought to consider that the part she was speaking was a *parenthesis*, and required a different tone of voice, and a greater degree of volubility, than the rest of the sentence. "A parenthesis!" said Miss White, "what's that?"—Mrs. White, who happened to be present, hearing this question of her daughter's, and blushing that she should thus betray her ignorance, instantly broke out into the following polite and sensible exclamation:——"O! what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! What,

not know the meaning of *prentice!* Why, prentice, ma'am, is the plural number of prentices:—O! you'll make the devil of an actreſs."——In ſhort, this old gentlewoman was the delight of myſelf and company, and to thoſe in particular who knew her—and her acquaintance was not confined. She pleaſed me ſo much that I ſhould tire the reader with the ſubject, and make him ſkip from page to page, ſo will leave my dear Mrs. White for the preſent, proceed to buſineſs, and introduce, at ſome future opportunity, that lady into good company.

With this young lady, Miſs White, I ſafely arrived at Portſmouth, and ſoon ſallied forth as Alexander, and appointed her my Statira. The brave Admiral Rodney was there, to whom I was much indebted for his generous, courteous, and genteel behaviour.

We opened on Wedneſday the 20th of June, 1759, with the Provoked Huſband; Lord Townly (with an occaſional prologue) Mr. Wilkinſon, and Manly by Mr. Moody—his firſt appearance on that ſtage. Here was my firſt acquaintance with my good friend Mr. Moody, to whom I have been often much obliged. I here beg leave to aſſure Mr. Moody I hold him in great regard, and ſhall never forget, but ever remember him with the higheſt pleaſure and eſteem.

Mr. Moody arrived at Portſmouth from Jamaica, and in his hand led from the lucky bark (that wafted him ſafe to England) a lady to whom he paid due attention, a Mrs. Oſborne. She was a ſenſible woman, and had not loſt time while abroad, as her waiſt was not one of the moſt ſlim. She made her appearance in the Mourning Bride; and though Oſmyn pronounces in the third act that "She is ſtill his bride, the myſterious rites delayed, nor has the Hymenial torch yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful ſacrifice;" which proves the meeting in the priſon to have been the firſt after the marriage ceremony. But our Portſmouth Almeria was ſo clever, ſhe evinced beyond doubt that ſhe was pregnant in the fourth act; and in act the fifth ſhe could not continue till her coronation, but ſhe (the Mourning Bride) was obliged to be carried to her ſtate-bed, where ſhe was delivered of a brave chopping heir to Granada.

I called the next day to inquire after her health, and found the lady dreſſed and ſitting at a table, perfectly well, ſhelling peas for her dinner. In a few days we had a merry chriſtening; I was one godfather, and think my friend Moody was a godfather, or ſome kind of a father—which, he knows

beſt.——This ſhort relation is ſtrictly matter of fact.

Mr. Moody had, from his merit as an actor, and by aſſiduity as a man of inſpection and knowledge, made that proper uſe of his time which every one ſhould (but what few do) practice; he returned to England after having gained (and not ſquandered away, but ſecured) a property of conſequence, and by proper attention has increaſed it in yearly ſervice to the preſent day, and will prove Mr. Moody had an invaluable friend not only thirty years ago, but will ſtand the teſt to the laſt: I wiſh I had thought and acted as wiſely as he has done.

Mr. Moody's O'Flaherty, and many principal comic characters have been, and are ſtill, felt and acknowledged, and will be on theatrical record ſome years to come, and keep a remembrance for his tomb-ſtone to tell—— WHOSE DUST LIES HERE——but I truſt and hope, ere that time arrives, he will enjoy many happy days and years.

His being at Portſmouth ſecured him a lucky tranſplantation to London, that hot-bed of genius, which circumſtance will preſently occur.

I revived the play of Alexander, and performed ſeveral new characters, one of which was Shylock, (for my friend Moody's benefit) but without

knowing ten regular lines ;—alſo preſented the Diverſions of the Morning.

I had two clear benefits—the firſt was on Monday, July 9, Eſſex, Tea, (for I lived almoſt on my Tea) with the firſt night of the Guardian.—In the bills, *by deſire*, pit and firſt gallery at the ſame price, and nothing under full price during the whole performance.

My attachment to my mother may be allowed laudable, and an apology for offering here and there, as occaſion permits, the inſertion of a few of her letters ;—moſt fathers and mothers will pardon me, as it proves the friendly intercourſe there was betwixt us, and the cheerful and ſtrong attachment of the partial mother.

London, July the 17th, 1759.

DEAR TATE,

" Your's on Monday the 9th, with all the un-
" lucky circumſtances conſpiring to hurt your
" night, gave me leſs pain, than the ſight of your
" over and above long bill.—Too much indeed for
" the ſtrength of any young man upon earth, and I
" do not look upon you as one of the ſtronger
" ſort. I was ſo unhappy with the apprehenſions
" of your being laid up in a fever from your vio-
" lent emotions, joined to the exceſſive heat of the
" ſeaſon, that till your's of yeſterday I had no

"peace of mind; it was dated the 13th, and "so I ought to have received it on Saturday. I "thank God for your health, and alſo the favour "of Providence in bleſſing you with ſo good ſuc- "ceſs in procuring the moſt neceſſary ſubſiſtence, "and comfortable ſupports of life. I with great "pleaſure congratulate you upon the profits of your "benefit, and alſo upon the reſtoration of Mrs. "Strode from death to life; for I look upon her "as a moſt conſiderable friend to you, and ſhall "ever duly honour her as ſuch, which I beg you "will tell her.

"On Thurſday laſt I went to Mrs. White's, "to know if any letter from her daughter, but no "other than one dated the day before your bene- "fit; and as they are not within the proper diſtrict "of the general poſt, they are ſometimes ſeveral "days neglected by the penny poſt, ſo that I de- "ſire to have all yours directed to myſelf, as the "ſingle line of *all is well* I ſhall always think moſt "richly worth the ſum of threepence. From "this viſit I could not get away without a pro- "miſe to drink tea on Saturday, which, though "ſo hot I did not know how to bear, I went in "hopes of hearing of you; but though I was diſ- "appointed in that, yet I cannot help owning the "old lady has ſo much ſpirit, and ſo much out of "the common way, that I was vaſtly entertained.

"She now begins to fume about Mr. G—— "trifling, after he had positively agreed to engage "her daughter. They had seen Mr. O———, "who seemed hurt at Mr. King's being engaged, "and told them the master was about two more; "the one a stranger, who was to play the Pro- "voked Husband at Richmond that night, and "that Mr. G——— and his lady talk of seeing "Portsmouth.

"Your sweet monkey was sent home in disgrace "for getting into Lady Forbes's bed, with several "other misdemeanors, so that I don't know what "to do with the beastly he-creature.

"Mrs. Townshend, talking about the shrimps, "says, that they are vastly fine and cheap at "Portsmouth, and will keep so as to come sweet; "so that I would have you inquire the price of "two pair of fine soles, and, if reasonable, "also to Lady Forbes, Mrs. T. and Mrs. B. if "an opportunity offers, send them; if not, when "you return will do as well.—My compliments "to the Rival Queens.

"I am your most affectionate mother,

"G. WILKINSON."

On Monday, July 23, I acted Hamlet, Mr. Moody the Grave-digger; dancing by Mrs. Blake (better known by the name of Miss Polly Dur-

ham). The farce was the Chaplet.——As I was paying attention, in the fifth act, to Mr. Moody's Grave-digger, Mr. Kennedy (the manager) plucked me by the ſleeve, and ſaid, "Mind what you do, for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!"—It rather alarmed me; but having time before my entrance to reconnoitre, and not finding any likeneſs I looked upon it as a joke; and not hearing from any perſon that he had been ſeen, and ſo well known, I went out to ſupper and ſtaid late:—But the next morning, July 24, I was waked by a meſſenger from the Fountain Tavern, with Mr. Garrick's invitation to breakfaſt: I was of courſe aſtoniſhed at ſuch an unexpected viſitant at Portſmouth, and wondered ſtill more at the occaſion, which in my hurried thoughts I could not deviſe. I inſtantly returned an anſwer that I would with pleaſure wait on him; haſtily equipped myſelf, and entered the room that great perſonage then graced, made my bow, and received a very hearty and friendly meeting. Here was a change!—— The following thought occurred to me.

O world! thy ſlipp'ry turns, O world!
Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together; who twine, (as 'twere) in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,

On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep,
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues.

On this wonderful greeting we were the moſt cordial, good, eaſy acquaintance that can be imagined: We chatted agreeably, for he ſeemed as pleaſed as I really was at this aſtoniſhing alteration.

After breakfaſt we walked on the ramparts, and then went to the dock-yards; he was in ſuch good ſpirits that he ordered a bottle of hock to be made into a cool tankard, with balm, &c. It was at noon in the height of ſummer, and the heat was his excuſe for ſo extraordinary a draught to him before dinner.

My reader may be certain that whenever Mr. Garrick choſe to throw off acting and dignity, and was not ſurrounded by buſineſs to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himſelf a moſt pleaſing, improving, and delightful companion.

Mr. Garrick's walking arm in arm with me, was an honour I dreamed not of. He congratulated me on being ſo great a favourite; and what, he ſaid, was of much more ſervice, the being ſo well acquainted with the leading people at that

place, of which, by inquiry, he ſoon heard all particulars; told me, he was on a viſit at Dr. Garney's, a gentleman of eminence who lived at Wickham, about eight miles from Portſmouth, to the left of Portſdown, once a phyſician, but had given over practiſing—his fortune being fully equal to eaſe and affluence. Mr. Garrick told me this viſit had been for years promiſed, but not paid till now; ſaid, that Dr. Garney was an old and intimate friend, and he ſhould be there ſeven or eight days: Mrs. Garrick was there, and had ſent him as a meſſenger, with Dr. Garney's compliments and her commands to inſiſt that I would fix my own day, and give them the pleaſure of my company, which viſit they would all return: So, Tate, ſays my kind Mr. Garrick, mind you are well provided, for we ſhall make it early in next week. This obliging invitation I gladly complied with, dreſſed in my beſt, and even of that he took notice, and ſaid all was well except my buckles, which being (in the preſent faſhion) large, and low on the inſtep, he obſerved were like a ſailor's. I did not want for lace to make me a gentleman—not abſurd then—but ſuch a figure now would be laughed at as it paſſed along.

Mr. Garrick received me at the Doctor's more like his ſon than merely a common acquaintance, to whom he meant only to be civil and well-bred:

Nor was Mrs. Garrick a jot leſs kind; ſhe ſcorned to be outdone in courteſy, and met me with all that apparent regard as if a beloved relation had juſt arrived from the Eaſt-Indies. She was in truth a moſt elegant woman:—grace was in her ſtep.—I was introduced to Dr. Garney, his lady, and ſon, and after that to company who were quite ſtrangers to me. They appeared juſt like what were their univerſal well-known character, every thing that was good, with power and will to render their pleaſant manſion a happy reſort for their acquaintance; the ſituation was a little paradiſe in every reſpect that art and nature could contribute to make ſo; it appeared to me to much advantage, as the four immediate miles from Portſmouth till you reach Hilſey barracks, the country is very indifferent, very dreary, and all confined, for thoſe four miles are regular fortifications, ditches with draw-bridges, &c.; ſo that if it was not for the ramparts next the ſea, with that beautiful proſpect of the Iſle of Wight, the ocean, and the ſhipping, Portſmouth would be a very diſagreeable ſituation. In ſhort, much as I liked that reſidence I never could approve of it as a pleaſant ſummer retreat, the ramparts being the only good walk, and thoſe ſo expoſed to the ſun and reflection from the water, that it made the evening intolerable; nor has there been a poſſibility I fancy, from the

laſt time I was there, to have formed ſuch a comfortable reſource as that of a cool and pleaſant walk: Though when once arrived on Portſdown, ample amends is made to thoſe who are on horſeback or in a carriage, as it certainly muſt be, (I ſhould ſuppoſe) all open to the view of the country behind; and then by its other overlooking Portſmouth, the fleet, Iſle of Wight, St. Helen's, and beyond Southampton, it muſt at leaſt be one of the fineſt proſpects in the world.

My entertainment for the day (for I was at Dr. Garney's before twelve) was as if calculated to pleaſe a man of faſhion. As to Mr. Garrick, he, being much the youngeſt man of the two, took me (for two hours) to every part of the houſe and garden that was worth obſervation, and to the high top of an obſervatory, built by the Doctor for ſtudy, curioſity, and proſpect, and very near equal to that juſt mentioned of Portſdown. Mr. Garrick ran and ſkipped about like a lad of twenty. —Indeed civility and kindneſs ſeemed the ſtudy of the day from him and the whole family, and were viſibly the intention and practice towards me.

Mr. Garrick had heard my benefit was over; but when I informed him I was to have another, he ſtrongly recommended my night to the patronage of that worthy family; and ſaid, he would take it equally as an obligation conferred

on himself, if bestowed on his friend Mr. Wilkinson—(there was honour!)—for I was a youth whose prosperity he had at heart, because I was deserving; and added, unless that had been his opinion of me he had not invited or recommended me to the honour of Dr. Garney's friendship. After tea, coffee, &c. we finished the evening with playing at bowls on the green and in walking. I did not leave Wickham till ten o'clock at night, and received a general invitation to make that house my own, whenever convenience permitted or inclination prompted me. I remember, when talking of plays that day after dinner, Mr. Garrick said, that he never acted but to one bad house, and that was Abel Drugger, when there was not 40l. in the theatre.

On my departure from this so truly agreeable day, never to be obliterated, Mr. Garrick gave me the play of Barbarossa, to be ready in that character, and to study Gloster in Jane Shore, and jokingly said, he hoped there would not be any impropriety in bespeaking a play for Friday, July 27;—"and we desire, Wilkinson, you will fix on a favourite character, and do your best for the credit of both; and damn it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a Dish of Tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation; and if you disappoint us, Dr. and Mrs. Garney, and all the party will

be very angry, therefore take care." All theſe requeſts I aſſured him ſhould be complied with. He eſcorted me to my chaiſe, and for the ſecond time in his life made me very happy; for I on my part never wanted gratitude or a pride to obtain his good opinion. But our ſtate of mind ſo fluctuates that it is merely a common barometer —*'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.*

I had promiſed more, much more than I could make good, for I had not the leaſt doubt but any play I appointed would be granted ſervilely with a bow, when authoriſed by the name of Garrick. Here, however, I was miſtaken, for the next day when I ſummoned the company, the three or four theatrical potentates in power pertaining to the petty ſtate were very refractory, each wanting to be principal on the occaſion; and by a majority of votes I loſt my lieutenancy, nor was I by myſelf, for Mr. Moody was not ſuffered on any account to be capital on this occaſion.

A Mr. White was the yearly Garrick, whoſe fame ſounded and reſounded from the county of Devon to the bounds of Hampſhire, therefore neither he, nor they would permit any diſplay of mine, as each wanted to be a ſurpriſing actor, and be elected by due right of merit in Drury-Lane houſe of lords and commons. Says the morning gin and brandy-cag hero, with a face unknown to

cleanlineſs, ſpeaking *g* affectedly, and leaving out the letter *r*, "Why is Mr. Wilkinſon to appoint a play for this Mr. Ga—ick? Who is Mr. Ga—ick? Mr. Ga—ick has no command over our company at Portſmouth"—and with the utmoſt non-chalance ſaid, "Mr. Ga—ick cannot, I think, be diſpleaſed with *my* Macheath, though, I want no *favour* from Mr. Ga—ick"—aſſuring himſelf thereby of ſhewing even Garrick—"*Here* you ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee," and by that performance be engaged at Drury-Lane, and make king David tremble.

So Mr. White who was lord paramount, after as much altercation as would ſettle an addreſs to the Miniſter, fixed on the Beggar's Opera, Friday, July 27th, 1759; Macheath, Mr. White, and Mr. Moody was permitted to have the honour of acting Lockit. I was allowed to give Tea, and by particular deſire, to pleaſe me, was added the Author, Cadwallader by me of courſe. It was with difficulty I could reſerve twelve *good* ſeats, as all the genteel people, on hearing that Mr. Garrick and his lady were to be there, had crowded early to the theatre; the firſt act was finiſhed and no Mr. Garrick had appeared, and on the ſecond act beginning, the audience and the performers blamed me for having aſſerted a falſehood, and by way of a hum collected them to be diſappointed,

and I really began to think it ſtrange myſelf; but to my great relief and ſatisfaction, about the middle of the ſecond act, in my party came, which was to me a gratifying triumph, as Mr. White was very angry at having played ſo much of his Macheath and Mr. Ga—ick not preſent. They were ſoon ſettled and paid much attention, and very conſiderately and kindly Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and their party made a point of obliging me by conferring ſtrong marks of approbation.

Mr. Garrick was ſo pleaſed with my friend Mr. Moody, in Lockit, that he ſent for him the next morning and engaged him for the enſuing ſeaſon, at a ſalary of thirty ſhillings per week, becauſe he told him he *loved to encourage merit!* Mr. Moody obtained Mr. Garrick's promiſe that he might make his *entrée* in the character of King Henry VIII. Mr. Garrick after the farce, came round and inſiſted on my ſupping with them at the Fountain Tavern; the noble troop of ſtrangers were much increaſed by the addition of ſeveral gentlemen, particularly as all the medical people of conſequence belonging to the place went to pay their compliments to their acquaintances, Dr. Garney and family, and alſo to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick very politely thanked me for my performance, which before ſo many people certainly appeared reſpectful, attentive,

and kind; and I judged my fortune made.—O fickle fortune!

About half paſt twelve Mrs. Garrick was for retiring, and as one of Dr. Garney's friends had provided them beds, (not ſuffering them to ſleep at the tavern,) Mrs. Garrick had to walk up the ſtreet to her deſtined apartment; Mr. Garrick, who never failed in attention to his lady, would not truſt her to the ſervant's care only, but would himſelf attend her, and then return back to the company. He obſerved I came that evening in a very large handſome ſea-captain's cloak, which he ſaid he admired much, and he would with my leave wear it to attend Mrs. Garrick to her reſidence. All the ladies went at the ſame time to private houſes, and the great little man wrapped himſelf in my *then* honoured roquelaure. He ſoon returned, ſaid he was pleaſed with his walk, as it had made him ſo well acquainted with my cloak, and which he thought would be ſo comfortable for the winter, that if he had one, many a walk ſhould he take in it, inſtead of going in a ſedan from Southampton-ſtreet to Drury-Lane; therefore requeſted I would not leave Portſmouth without procuring ſuch another, and take it to London for him.

The evening was very chatty; he had all attention paid him, and in conſequence ſhewed himſelf

to great advantage. He aſked me if I had ſeen *that d——d Foote?* I anſwered "No." To which he replied with vehemence, he hoped, for my ſake, I never would, if I could avoid it, either ſee or ſpeak to him again. What all this violent kindneſs proceeded from I never could account for: However I thought then, and do to this hour think myſelf highly obliged; for, to the obſerver, it bore every mark of ſincere benevolence and regard.

It was three in the morning before the party broke up, a very uncommon hour for him, he took a moſt cordial and friendly leave, and I was much pleaſed with my affable, and agreeable entertainment, and wiſhed him a good morning, and a ſafe and pleaſant journey to his ſeat at Hampton-Court, for which place he was to ſet forward in two or three days.

My ſecond benefit was on Weneſday the 29th of Auguſt, DOUGLAS, TEA, and LETHE. My characters were Douglas, Old Man, and Lord Chalkſtone.—I thought it would be rude and impolitic when this ceremony grew near, if I did not, according to the repeated invitations I had received, wait on Dr. Garney at Wickham. I hired the handſomeſt horſe I could, thinking that a poſt chaiſe for the day looked idle as well as extravagant for a diſtance of only eight miles, though

not a ſailor in Portſmouth but would have proved a better jockey thān myſelf. To make which clear I muſt relate my John Gilpin's ride to Wickham, which has made me dread horſeback ever ſince. I had ſeldom uſed myſelf to that mode of travelling; for though I had frequently gone from London to Hampton-Court and Richmond, yet it was generally in a poſt chaiſe, which ever was and is my favourite method of paſſing from place to place.

The oſtler of the Fountain brought to my door a very fine looking horſe, and obſerving I wore ſpurs, ſaid "Pray Mr. Wilkinſon, do you often ride on horſeback?" I aſſured him the contrary: "Becauſe," added he, "I beg then, Sir, as you are not a jockey, that I may take them off, for the horſe I have brought is ſo very ſpirited, it may be dangerous for you to keep them on." to this diſarrangement I aſſented, and for the firſt mile, though hemmed in by the draw-bridges, and going on gently, found it was very difficult, either by giving the horſe his own way or checking him, to keep him within the power of my art of horſemanſhip, but entertained hopes when I got into the open road by putting him into a canter that I ſhould do very well. By degrees the horſe ſeemed wiſely to comprehend that his own ſelf-will and ſagacity were ſuperior to his rider's; my ig-

norance was manifeſt to the animal, and as he was fully convinced I aſſumed a government to which I was not by any means competent he was determined on rebellion, and to himſelf uſurped the reins of power. The renewal of it to my fancy, even now, makes me giddy, and I verily believe from that hour my brain was weakened, which muſt plead ſome apology; and it is a remark of truth, that in almoſt every accident, whether by falls down ſtairs or in the ſtreet, from ſix years old my unfortunate head has always ſuffered. Theſe bruiſes on recovery may in ſome degree account for heavineſs and ſtupidity, and naturally for the luminary rays not to have ſhone forth ſo bright as I wiſhed them: Even the night when I broke my leg, my head was ſo jarred on the pavement as to occaſion a violent ſtun, and then ſuch excrutiating pain as abſolved all notion or feeling of my leg being in the leaſt injured, till endeavouring to walk on my recovery from the pain, my leg already broke, unable to do its office, let me down and ſnapped the ancle bone.

After having achieved near two miles with ſafety, my Bucephalus ſet off like mad, I not being able by any means to keep my ſaddle, but ſat in a ſtate of fear and terror: In about half a mile, after he had got into this wild freek, in the narrow road I met the London waggon, where with

care there was ſcarce room to paſs by it, but to which this dreadful beaſt ruſhed, that the wheel ſtopped and checked my right leg and brought me to the ground, and on my fall the horſe's hind foot ſtruck my jaw, and made it bleed moſt plentifully. Providentially the men ſtopped the waggon, but almoſt againſt their will, for they could not conceive from the fury of the beaſt, and the ſuppoſed miſguided rage of the rider, but I was ſome fooliſh mad fellow eager to ſhew my horſemanſhip, neck or nothing.

The waggoners behaved with more civility than is uſual for ſuch animals; for in general they certainly are merely ſuch. They only damned me for *a fewl*; for they were *right zure I mun be mad to ride dumb beaſt to fright the waggon like.* But when I declared my innocence, as to any intended violence on their carriage, and told them the real cauſe they thought it a very good joke and pronounced "I ſhould never be a ſportſman ſufficient to win the King's plate at Newmarket."

While I was wiping off the duſt and blood, and was really much bruiſed, and with reaſon alarmed, for had not the waggoners, from ſeeing Gilpin's certain danger ſtopped the waggon, I muſt have experienced a ſhocking death, by being cruſhed under the wheels, near thirty years before this day of relation, or at beſt I could only have ex-

iſſed as a dreadful ſpectacle, the gay mettled courſer having diſengaged himſelf of his rider, was all the time feeding on ſuch odd bits of graſs as he could find. I was helped on his back and reaſſumed the reins with as much eaſe, as if no accident had occurred, and I had only mounted a lady's gentle pad.

The waggoners deſired me not to ride again like a devil upon the king's high road, for I might have ſeen *waggon like*, and at the ſame time have ſeen there was not room to paſs it, and poor beaſt was ſo quiet, it muſt have been all my fault. I bore this ſecond lecture with patience, ſo thanked Mr. Waggoner, and proceeded on my journey; for as to dwelling longer on my ignorance it was ſufficiently explained, and would have only increaſed their contempt, not created pity, and therefore would be a loſs of time to us all, as our journey's end was quite contrary to attain.

I determined to be very ſteady and not venture on the perilous canter any more, a gentle trot at the moſt was to ſuffice, and that with all precaution; we were jogging on as if by mutual agreement with great regularity and compoſure, when an officer, who was going to Hilſey Barracks, cried out, "Your friend SCOTT dines at Hilſey—do come to dinner, Wilkinſon,"—and went galloping on; my fiery footed ſteed, ſcorning to be outdone

in courteſy, obeyed the ſummons with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs, not by any means waiting to hear or conſult my opinion as to the invitation, while Gilpin like, I held by the pummel of the ſaddle out of breath, and expected every inſtant my neck would be broke: I was at the laſt gaſp with this devil of a horſe; for the officer had no thought but I was determined to out-ride him, and be at Hilſey the firſt. I found pulling or holding like Major Sturgeon by the main, was all to no purpoſe, and every moment ſuppoſed I ſhould be ſprawling on the ground; but on ſeeing the turnpike I cried out aloud, "Shut the gate! Murder! murder! For God's ſake ſhut the gate!" At firſt they did not comprehend me, but on obſerving my awkward manner of riding on this my flying-horſe, and my continued cry of "Shut the gate," they did ſo before I got to it; then another fear inſtantly aroſe, which was that of the horſe's deſpiſing the barred gate and leaping over it, which if he had, there would have been one Major Sturgeon leſs in the theatrical world; but fortunately the creature, either in pity to my fears or regard for his own limbs, or from the cuſtom of ſtopping at the gate, (which I cannot pronounce) halted there and that ſuddenly, on a ſuppoſition, may be, that the King's duty was neceſſary to be loyally paid, to which he was poſſibly daily accuſtomed, and

to my aſtoniſhment, in the midſt of horrors, he pleaſingly ſurpriſed me by ſo doing, for he ſeemed equal to any mad exploit whatever.—— Here I ſtayed and got a glaſs of water, and from the turnpike for about a mile to the left, on the irregular paths of Portſdown, I expected he had ſettled to reaſon, and had tried my ſkill in horſemanſhip ſufficiently; but on the up hill and down dale once more he began, and more ſwift than ever, without a chance of my meeting with any cottage, or modern ſhepherd or ſhepherdeſs, in caſe of accident or misfortune, having quite left the public road. For me to expatiate on the wonders I this day performed in the noble art of vaulting horſemanſhip, might make young Aſtley fearful of a rival, and dare me to a trial of ſkill. The ſenſible beaſt certainly knew what an inſignificant Major he had on his back, and determined to make a friſky day of it at my expence. I was in hopes till he took this third unlucky frolic all would have been well, and that the headſtrong ſervant was ſenſible of the errors he had already committed, and I began to fancy myſelf an elegant prancer, when he rapidly flew with me to a precipice of very conſiderable height, where I thought he would for his own ſake have ſtopped his carreer; but to convince me he was ſuperior to fear, and ſcorned even imminent danger, down

he plunged headlong to the bottom. I have ſeen ſomething like this heroic action in an old pantomime of Mr. Rich's, called Perſeus and Andromeda; where Perſeus, like a flaming god, ſuſpended by a wheel of large circumference, was whirled with great velocity around the theatric clouds, and ſtruck with his mighty ſword the frightful Gorgon, who midſt raging billows was ready to ſeize the chained Andromeda, his wiſhed-for prey: One fatal evening the wheel and pullies broke, and down fell Perſeus on the harmleſs ſtuffed dragon, and inſtantly the curtain was dropped to hide the diſgrace, and to haſten to the relief of the before lofty air-riding god.

It needs not the traveller's talent to point mine out as a frightful ſituation in every reſpect, as myſelf and horſe had taken the dreadful plunge; I in idea gave up the ghoſt, thinking all was inevitably over, and that there was not a poſſibility of life being preſerved; this was momentary. Eaſe from pain brings death, and ſo with me—It was, I gueſs, ſome minutes before I recovered from the ſhock of the fall, or to the leaſt ray of reſtored ſenſes; but thank God Almighty they did return by degrees, though ſickneſs was violent; the horſe ſtill lying on my thigh, my head was on the hilly part, and the horſe's feet at the bottom, which kept part of his weight from cruſhing my thigh.

After finding I had ſo miraculouſly eſcaped with life, I was fearful, as my right leg and thigh felt ſo much ſtunned, that they were broke; but by degrees pulling at the rough hill gently, I got my left foot equal to puſh on the ſaddle, and ſo relieved myſelf, but yet doubted whether I was not in the Elyſian Fields; I was in ſuch a ſtate of perturbation and miſery, with pain, ſickneſs, and wonder, that it was a delirium. When I was more collected, I looked at the horſe, as he lay almoſt lifeleſs, and by his not making any attempt to move, I feared his limbs had ſuffered, and that, I ſuppoſed, would make it an expenſive ride, added to my ſurgeon's bill. Staying there would not do at any rate, ſo as ſoon as I was able to get on my legs I ſlid to the bottom, took hold of the bridle, and the horſe with great difficulty aroſe, and was as patient as a pet lamb: I winded him round and round the rugged place as well and as gently as I could, till by ſlow degrees, aided by that ſweet maid Patience, I got him out of the dreary depth, and once more attained a part appertaining to Portſdown Hills. Notwithſtanding my third diſaſter, I again had courage to mount, being only about two miles from Dr. Garney's, and we proceeded with all the regularity and gravity of Don Quixote to the wiſhed-for villa, and arrived at it after all my fatigues, troubles, and hair-breadth

ſcapes, and falling headlong down the deep Tarpeian rock. The Doctor and his ſon were out, and not expected home till dinner. When I had related the ſtory of my woes to Mrs. Garney, ſhe was greatly alarmed, and wiſhed much for the Doctor's returning, that he might immediately bleed me, which ſhe inſiſted was a ceremony neceſſary to be inſtantly performed. I agreed in opinion with her; but as the Doctor's coming might not be for two hours, I retired to be bruſhed, waſhed, &c. which was abſolutely needful, and it much refreſhed me. I then deſired the favour of a bottle of Madeira, but Mrs. Garney did not approve of it; and, inſtead of that potation, recommended more hartſhorn and water; but I told her that I had, on my arrival, been well provided by her kindneſs with plenty of the watery element, and now really wiſhed for ſomething elſe, and thought Madeira would do wonders: She ſhook her head on hearing this, and went out of the room. As I was preparing myſelf for dinner, ſhe politely ſent me the Madeira, and I moſt eagerly drank a full tumbler of it, and it revived me wonderfully; but prudence prevented my increaſing the draught, for by my good will, as I was ſo thirſty and hot, and the Madeira had gone down ſo deliciouſly, I could have finiſhed the bottle; but well it was I did not, for in my hurried ſtate

of ſpirits, and being bruiſed from head to foot, it might have proved a more certain road to death than any dagger I had ever ſtruck, or any draught of poiſon I had ever ſwallowed as a ſtage patriot for the good of my country.

The Doctor and his ſon did not return till near four, above two hours after I had arrived on my prancing Bucephalus. I was well refreſhed, and my face was in tolerable order, all conſidered, though it was much ſcratched and wounded. Mrs. Garney repreſented my ſtory in moſt tragical colours; which, had it been ſo well told before I had drank the Madeira, ſhe might have gained my conſent for being bled, as I expected it after the violent fall I had endured: but on growing better, and thinking the Madeira had done every thing that was neceſſary, all reaſons or perſuaſions were in vain, for I obſtinately refuſed, and ſaid I wiſhed for dinner, and that was preferable to being bled. At laſt the Doctor's kind intentions yielded to my petulance, and the ſight of the good dinner ſeemed to be the moſt prevailing argument on all ſides; the lancets were changed for knives and forks, and I performed with thoſe weapons more dexterouſly than I or any perſon at table expected. We drank Mr. and Mrs. Garrick's health.

The Doctor inquired when my benefit was; I told him:—He aſked for tickets, which I could not

have thought of carrying there in my pocket, because a gentleman had invited me to dinner. However, he begged leave to present me with three guineas for three box tickets, which I was to send him. I accepted the king's pictures, and of course sent three scraps of paper in exchange. He desired I would come once more before I went to London: I accordingly visited that pleasant hospitable spot again, but it was in a post-chaise, *not on horseback.*——*No more of that—no more of that.*

On my return the horse either walked or went a gentle trot all the way to Portsmouth, and when in the public road, though several gentlemen were returning from their evening's ride, he was as easily conducted as if he had never been obstreperous. Every one was astonished when I related my adventures; and, but that they had a good opinion of my veracity, and seeing the marks on my face, and my naming the waggoners and turnpike-man as witnesses, my story would not have been credited; for the horse was so gentle, and so easily guided, they said that every one must conclude the rider was the most to blame.

The want of judgment in me might in part have been the cause; but from the circumstance of the ostler's taking off my spurs, it was evident he treated his riders every now and then with a frolic;

and I guefs his fall had made him feel pain, and find he was in an error when he cut that caper of enchantment which bereft me of my fenfes; and had he not had that fall I think he would have finifhed my career, and effectually have prevented my ever feeing old Portfmouth again.

I do not recollect many particulars relating to this fummer campaign worth fetting down, fo will fuppofe my Portfmouth engagement ended, and greatly to my advantage: But now, though not an old man, melancholy reflection tells me, that were I to fet my foot in that town, there is not one man or woman, gentleman or gentlewoman exifting whom I fhould know.—All gone! gone! But why fhould I moralize, reflect on, or regret the certain fate of all mankind? Is there a wonder in fo well proved a certainty?

Mifs Morrifon continued at that theatre for fome time longer.—Mr. Moody went for London to his new royal engagement; and Mifs Kitty White was foon after married to her favourite failor, Mr. Burden. The mother efcorted her youngeft daughter, Mifs Betfey, to Dublin; as Mr. Barry, by the perfuafion of Sir Francis Delaval, had engaged her.

Mifs Kitty was a pupil of Mr. Rich's at the fame time he was *larning* me and fhe was taught at his academy for acting, and there began our ac-

quaintance. Mr. Rich took infinite pains in teaching his ladies; Mrs. Stott, late Mrs. Leſſingham, was alſo a pupil of his in 1756, and made her appearance in Deſdemona.

I cannot reſiſt mentioning a little anecdote with which Mrs. Clive and Mr. Garrick were highly entertained; it was related to them by Benjamin Victor, who was at the play on the night it happened at Portſmouth, as follows:

Richard the Third . . Mr. WILKINSON.
Lady Anne . . . . Miſs WHITE.

RICHARD:
O take more pity in thine eyes,
And ſee him here.

Miſs White replied,

Would they were *battle-ax* to ſtrike thee dead.

I need not tire the reader by a long ſtory how happy my mother was to ſee her ſon, after what ſhe thought a tedious abſence.

On my arrival in London I found Mr. Garrick was in town, waited on him, and was received by my good friend as cordially as when I had laſt ſeen him at Portſmouth. I had ſent him his cloak, for which he poured forth a profuſion of thanks, and ſaid Mrs. Garrick muſt pay for his Portſmouth garment.

At that time I frequently had the honour to

breakfaſt with him; an invitation I would never give or accept but on urgent or very particular occaſions: for give me the news-papers and letters, and let me ſit ſullenly by myſelf during that ceremony every day.—It is to me a ſtrange invitation, and may always be given with ſafety, for I ſhould be ſure to refuſe it. At one of theſe breakfaſts Mr. Garrick deſired me to be ready in Bajazet for the annual ceremony at that time of acting Tamerlane, with the occaſional prologue, at both houſes on the 4th and 5th of November.

Mr. Moſſop had been inveigled by Barry and Woodward to their new theatre in Crow-ſtreet, Dublin, which gave a great ſhock, and made a conſiderable chaſm and derangement in our affairs of ſtate.

Mr. King was engaged this year from Dublin, and made his appearance in Tom, in the Conſcious Lovers, in October 1759.

Mr. King had not been there ſince the ſpring 1750, when the Roman Father was brought on the ſtage, in which he acted Valerius; but Mr. Garrick produced Mr. King to the public in 1748 as the Herald in King Lear, and in the character of George Barnwell in 1749.—Garrick's judgement here was not infallible; and as to Mr. King it is no wonder he ſhould not have known which way the true bent of his genius lay, as too fre-

quently is the caſe. Young performers think of nothing but tragedy: I do not doubt but perſeverance would have proved Mr. King an acquiſition to the buſkin, but Mrs. Chance decided otherwiſe, and fortunately for the beſt.——In the comedy of the Confederacy he acted Braſs, of which character the inimitable Churchill takes particular notice; and that gentleman, though ſo keen and clever in his ſatires, was not ſtrictly juſt, which is rather lamentable where ſtrong and ſuperior genius reigns. Mr. King has proved a contradiction to his remarks; and, indeed, my very exact explanation relative to myſelf, before given, evinces I was not the mimic's mimic; for ſuch as it was it certainly was my own, which indeed he afterwards acknowledged, as will be mentioned in proper time and place.

On reviving the comedy of the Confederacy, Mr. Garrick one evening ſent for me in a great hurry to requeſt, as a teſt of my regard to oblige him, that I would play Old Mrs. Amlet: He ſaid it ſtruck his thought it might help to ſtrengthen that comedy.—I in duty bound immediately undertook the part.—Miſs Pope made her firſt appearance as a regular ſtage candidate in Corinna, though ſhe had often acted as a child in Miſs in her Teens, Lethe, the Oracle, Lilliput, &c.

Not acted here these eight years.
Saturday the 27th of October, 1759,
Will be revived
The CONFEDERACY.
Dick . . . . . Mr. PALMER.
Brass . . . . . Mr. KING.
Money-trap . . . Mr. YATES.
Clarissa . . . . . Mrs. PRITCHARD.
Flippanta . . . . Mrs. CLIVE.
Corinna (for the first time)
By a YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.
AND
Mrs. Amlet to be attempted by Mr. WILKINSON.
After which the pantomime of
HARLEQUIN RANGER.

It was acted again on Monday the 29th of October.

The play was greatly received, and Miss Pope gained much applause, and gave great promise of being (what she is universally acknowledged to be) an excellent performer; and she has from that night to this day been an ornament to the public as an actress of their own rearing, and a credit to the stage as a worthy and amiable private character. I must not forget to add that my Old Mother Amlet was well received, and for some nights repeat-

ed, till the Fates called me unexpectedly from thence.

I well remember, on the second night of the Confederacy, Mrs. Clive called Miss Pope into the green room, before her going on the stage as Corinna, and said to her, "My dear Pope," (a sweet appellation indeed from Clive) "you played particularly well on Saturday night as a young actress—now take from me a piece of advice, which I would have every performer attend to;—you acted with great and deserved approbation, but to night you must endeavour to act better, and expect to receive less applause; for if you let your young heart be too sanguine, and rest on the caprice of public commendation or praise, and find yourself disappointed, you will foolishly let it damp your spirits, and you will sink beneath yourself;—therefore take my advice for your proceeding on the stage——

"The violent thunder of applause last Saturday on your first appearance was not all deserved, it was only benevolently bestowed to give you the pleasing information that they were well delighted, and had their warmest wishes that you would hereafter merit the kindness they bestowed on you." Young performers should remember this lesson, for they are too apt to construe kindness and cherishing into a tribute due to their deserts.

The play of Tamerlane was next called, and a few days before that play came to its annual rotation, *Mr. John Moody* made his *entrée* in London (as ſpecified by his articles of war ſigned at Portſmouth) in the character of King Henry VIII. the night previous to that I acted Mrs. Amlet. Mr. Davies, who was then an actor at Drury-Lane, and who wrote Mr. Garrick's Life, and various other pieces, miſcellanies, &c. was an old man at that time to me, for I was exactly twenty-one that November: This old gentleman had ſet his heart on acting Bajazet, and when he came one morning to the playhouſe and found me rehearſing the part, he was ſo mortified that he could not contain his ſpleen, but came into the green-room, and with an affected fit of laughter ſaid, "Ladies and gentlemen, only think what our theatre is come to!—finely lowered indeed! for we have Henry the Eighth acted by John Moody *, and Bajazet by an old woman," (meaning Mother Amlet.) On hearing which, I very gravely turned round and ſaid, "And pray, Mr. Davies, why not Bajazet by *one* old woman as well as *another?*" My old woman's retort to Mr. Davies, as the exiſting John Moody can witneſs, was my firſt ſtage witticiſm, and which procured an univerſal laugh in my favour, beſides that of triumph

* John Moody, the coachman, in the Journey to London.

to my friend John Moody and myſelf, which I am certain he remembers to this day. The play of Tamerlane was ſtill rehearſing, and being then in favour at court, I was ſummoned by Mr. Holland into Mr. Garrick's dreſſing-room.—Mr. Garrick ſaid, he wiſhed to hear me repeat ſome of Bajazet's ſpeeches, in order to rectify my miſtakes, which would be eaſier to me there than if corrected at rehearſal. Mr. Croſs, the prompter, was ordered to attend with the play. Mr. Holland, whoſe part was Moneſes, undertook to act the firſt ſcene as Tamerlane. Mr. Garrick was in high humour, ſaying, "Well now, Croſs, hey! Why now, this will be too much for my exotic? Hey, Croſs, I muſt do it myſelf; what ſay you? Hey now! Croſs!" Croſs replied, "I am afraid not this year, Sir, as the time is drawing near, and Bajazet is long, and the play muſt be done next Monday." "Well now, hey Croſs! why that is true; but don't you think my brow and eye at Bajazet!—How do you think I ſhould play it?" "O! Sir," ſaid Croſs, "like every thing elſe you do—your Bajazet would be incomparable!"—to which we all bowed and aſſented. He then acted a ſpeech or two in my firſt ſcene, and his look was truly inimitable: "I never ſhall ſee his like again." Now my turn came, as he ſaid, for a private docking of luxurious branches,

and here follows the proof of Mr. Garrick's favourite wit, which I formerly mentioned. I went on rehearſing with Holland, my maſter ſaying "Very well! vaſtly well indeed, upon my word! Now, now this"—till the middle of the ſcene, where repeating the long ſpeech of "O glorious thought!"—"Vaſtly well, bravo!"—till I came to the difficult finiſhing line—"So now you know my mind, and queſtion me no further,"——*Why hey now, Wilkinſon! why this is all ſhittle-come-ſh—te, and my a—e in a bandbox.——Here now was I in eager expectation of a t—d as thick as my wriſt, and as long as my arm, and d—n it it is all ſquitter, S : : : : r* *.

The delicate reader will ſkip this leaf, like Sir Clement Flint in the Heireſs, yet I hope will pardon it, as I do not inſert it for entertainment, but fairly as the indiſpenſable characteriſtic mirth which Mr. Garrick, with all his underſtanding, was too apt to give way to; though one of the firſt geniuſſes of the world, yet he would deſcend to ſuch low ſtuff and ribaldry. Poets may write, and preachers declaim, yet here is a ſtrong picture that the wiſeſt people at times are fools. Nature will take the lead in ſpite of what they call right, and evince them that men are but children of a larger growth; thoſe who often teach the contrary laugh

* Mr. King was there.

at you when you believe them, and are ſometimes found in equal error with thoſe they auſterely correct. And it is certainly amazing to the cool reflector on the human mind, that Garrick, with ſuch idle ſtuff, could not only highly divert himſelf, but by the help of his kingly name ſtamp and paſs it as current wit and humour.

I actually aver, that the related ſtrokes of wit from Mr. Garrick's ſpontaneous and wonderful fancy were retail theatrical jokes for a week or month following; that, on my rehearſing with Mr. Garrick, Mr. Holland judged it ſo comical, that he had never done with the joke: and ſo faſhionable was it, that not only the gentlemen, but the ladies, and thoſe that were moſt delicate, all profeſſed admiration and ſtrong appetite for Garrick's jeſts on Wilkinſon. Mr. Cadwallader in the Author declares, he eat the prince's ſoup out of compliment, tho' it was as bitter as gall and as black as his hat—ſtill ſays—"d—— n his ſoup."

As a relater of facts, I cannot omit, in regard to Mr. Garrick's amazing care of me as a manager, I was then really ignorant of the art of properly lining my face with Indian ink; he not only gave a particular charge to Mr. Johnſon, the houſekeeper, who poſſeſſed judgment in thoſe matters, but attended in perſon by half paſt five, not merely to aſſiſt and ſee that it was done, but corrected

and gave the finiſhing ſtrokes of the pencil himſelf, and helped to improve my face with the neceſſary red and white, and the yellow ochre; (but this is letting the reader too far into our ſtage myſteries;) and certainly ſuch attention from a perſon of his rank and real independence, was careful, pleaſing, encouraging, and kind. I thanked him for it.

My Bajazet, upon the word of a gentleman, was better than well received: I was perfect to a *T*, or, as a very old ſtager would term it, *quite rotten in the part.* However, to attempt Bajazet when I was but twenty years old, and finiſh it with approbation, certainly gave promiſe for the young racer, though no jockey. Mr. Quin had been the Bajazet, and was allowed excellent, and then well remembered.—Barry was in full fame, and Moſſop not forgot in that character; but ſtill there were, at Drury-Lane, only Wilkinſon and Davies left at that juncture for Bajazet, Holland being the Moneſes.

Mr. Foote at that time had not any engagement, and Mr. Garrick really *acted* the being offended with him ſo well, and Mr. Rich kept his *natural* ſtupidity ſo obſtinately, that Mr. Foote was reduced from the preſſure of his wants and bad ſtate of his finances, by way of immediate relief to his neceſſities, to adverti ſe a comic lecture

at the Haymarket theatre early in December. My curiosity naturally prompted me to attend his performance; but left I should be negligent, Mr. Garrick sent for me to rub up my attention, fearing I might like a lazy centinel sleep on my post: He ordered me in strong terms to be there in time, to be very attentive, and to bring him a just account.

The lecture was rather defective and lame, but in that whimsical delivery and oratorical situation Foote was unrivalled, as he had great spirit, judgement, fire, and volubility, was very equal and collected in a situation so perilous and difficult. In the first act of his oration he evinced all these shining qualities, but he had not taken leisure, nor prepared himself by any means with sufficient matter for such a night's entertainment as was expected, and all to be done by himself.

> It was too rash, too unadvis'd, and
> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> E'er one can say it lightens.

He was wonderfully happy as the *rising* but not as the *setting sun*; for it was not a glorious but a cloudy and darkened hemisphere.—However, he was recompensed for his trouble, and cheered by seeing all his friends, and a crowded theatre at the

full prices as now paid at the playhouſes. One of his remarks was levelled againſt the combined theatres, urging, that ſeveral veteran actors might be ſeen walking the ſtreets at noon picking their uſeleſs teeth.

Another was levelled at Mr. Rich, who was fond of Roman triumphs, ovations, &c. alſo Italian burlettas; in one of which there was a ſneezing duet: He ſaid, that *that* bright manager's time was too buſily employed either to admit him or the deſtitute Minor in his hand, (alluding to his then new-written farce of that name) as it was wholly occupied in ſhewing,

> How the old Romans dreſs'd,
> And the modern Romans ſneez'd.

And that Garrick was too careful to allow, if poſſible, any writers exiſting even from the crumbs of his table; ſo that with that penurious gentleman no author could hope either for ſubſiſtence or encouragement.

The ſecond part of his lecture failed in every eſſential point, and all his former ſatire and ſting had left neither prejudice nor effect to ſerve any purpoſe whatever—Too often the error of our modern play-writers. How charming are the two or three firſt acts of Mr. Cumberland's Choleric Man? but how different, or rather indifferent, are

the latter? That and other modern comedies, put me in mind of Congreve's laſt tag to the Old Bachelor.

> All courſers the firſt heat with vigour run,
> But 'tis with whip and ſpur the race is won.

It may be difficult, without doubt, to ſuſtain and riſe ſuperior in the fifth act, but that it is to be achieved is unanſwerably proved, whenever the Provoked Huſband, the Beaux Stratagem, the Suſpicious Huſband, and the Wonder are acted: In laughter, glee, and ſpirit, they riſe evidently to the laſt. It muſt be admitted, that in modern comedies the players, as uſual, are brought all together for the purpoſe of moralizing at the concluſion, but to very little purpoſe regarding the entertainment of the audience, except its being a kind of joy to the nodding auditory, and the hinting it is near bed time, and a good preparatory lull for their night's repoſe; and in conſequence going out of the theatre half aſleep, half awake, it muſt frequently prove dangerous to many of his Majeſty's good ſubjects, particularly in froſty weather, as we all know the purlieus of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden are ſlippery ways, and at beſt require wary walking: Therefore an author ſhould always endeavour, as far as practicable, to make his laſt

act reſemble a good diſpoſition when beſtowing favours, as experience tells me that, be he ever ſo bountiful, unleſs the laſt gift is ſurpaſſing the firſt, the ungrateful receiver will feel chagrined and diſappointed, and return ſulky acknowledgments, or more probably no thanks at all. But, alas! it is eaſy to correct, and to aſſume coxcomb-like criticiſm——As——

> We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
> Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.

So the ſecond part of Mr. Foote's lecture was like a bad fifth act in a play: he was exhauſted, and felt but little of his former ſelf; he ſeemed to have no reſource, and was reduced to beg leave to ſit down at a table with two candles, and read his new piece called the Minor, which he then wanted to bring on the ſtage, and that was in a mutilated, unprepared ſtate; even for the cloſet it was almoſt incomprehenſible, and, as it may be ſuppoſed, ſuffered much by being read to ſuch diſadvantage; though inforced by Mr. Foote, yet it was very languid to a large audience.

He ſoon found the forced experiment weighed as heavy on himſelf as on his hearers, he therefore broke up the aſſembled court rather abruptly, apologized for the hurry with which he had taken

the liberty to convene them together, and finiſhed with an aſſurance of making conſiderable alterations and additions againſt the next eſſay, of which he would give timely notice.—He bowed and departed, neither with tokens of approbation or diſguſt, for each party ſeemed pleaſed with the releaſe.—The audience retired apparently contented with ſuch fare as they had partaken of, but not by any means wiſhing to ſit down again to the ſame diſh.

Mr. Foote muſt have been perfectly convinced of this, for he never again offered to try their palates, fearing, I ſuppoſe, it would not have ſuited their taſtes, but have been ordered away with tokens of diſguſt.

When the lecture was over I poſted to the theatre, and as full of my pacquet of news as poor Scrub, eagerly got to Mr. Garrick's room, where he was waiting, all impatience, and Colonel Keppel with him, both in full dreſs, it having been a gala day at St. James's, where they had been paying their reſpects.

I dare ſay ſeveral country readers will doubt my authenticity, when I mention Mr. Garrick's having been at Court; but they may depend upon it that the information to thoſe who live in London would not cauſe any wonder, or be a matter

of the leaſt ſurpriſe, as the patentees of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, not only go publicly to Court at St. James's, but if they were to neglect that ceremony, at leaſt occaſionally, as on birth-days, &c. it would be taken notice of, judged a remiſſneſs, and not reſpectful. Mr. Foote, as patentee at the Hay-Market, always went to Court, where the firſt nobility were as glad to ſee him as any other acquaintance or intimate friend.

I not obſerving Mr. Garrick to be ſo fully equipped with *chapeau bras* under his arm, and Colonel Keppel the ſame, my thoughts were carried from their proper channel, and I entered the apartment ſo precipitately, and was ſo eager like a poſt-meſſenger to deliver my credentials, that I forgot to take off my hat, but let it remain like a ſtubborn proud quaker, on its right place, the head. This was not from a rude habit, quite the contrary; but in my hurry and ardent deſire to prove my loyal zeal to king David, I had really never thought of it. Mr. Garrick very kindly gave me a wink and a ſlight pull, and pointed at my head; I was quickly ſenſible of my error and apologized for it, which Colonel Keppel laughed at very heartily, and ſaid, "He was ſure it was from a hurry of ſpirits;" then ſat down as eager as Garrick to hear the news relative to Foote's lecture;

for he was a ſincere friend of Garrick's—to Foote of courſe the contrary. After an hour's converſation, with ſome of Garrick's ſtories, and his damning Foote very heartily, we parted. In two or three days after, I was ſummoned to a cabinet council in Southampton-Street: I found Foote's abuſe in his lecture had not digeſted, but ſat very heavy on my manager's proud ſtomach. Mr. Garrick ſaid, "He had juſt received certain information, that the d—d fellow Foote was engaged with Barry and Woodward, for Dublin, and had actually ſet forward that very day."—"Now," ſays Garrick, "My dear Tate, now you ſee I have ſuch a regard for you, that I cannot omit any opportunity of doing you a ſervice. I am given to underſtand you owe much to the good folks of Dublin for the favourable reſpect and regard that many perſons there have ſhewn you, for the which you ſhould hold them in great good will. Now, I have conſulted to make your fortune, and I will conſent to your going to Ireland immediately, and to your ſtaying there till the end of February or March; that is, you ſee, provided you give your word and honour to me you will not on any account accept any terms whatever, or be prevailed on to act with Barry and Woodward."

This propoſal I reliſhed as much as Mr. Garrick wiſhed. I promiſed to be guided as he de-

ſired: I was quite elated with the ſcheme, and was all alive, and in tip top ſpirits at the thoughts of ſeeing dear Dublin again, and all my good friends there. I returned Mr. Garrick a thouſand thanks for his gracious furlough.

I took that opportunity of aſking for the money for his Portſmouth cloak, which, notwithſtanding the honour of often breakfaſting with him, I had not yet received, though the ſum was not enormous, being only three guineas: it was elegantly made for the price; and he frequently walked the theatrical deck of his royal man of war graced in that ſnug covering. "But, now, well," ſaid he, "I ſuppoſe you think now—hey, that you are never to be paid for this d——d cloak;" which was in fact expecting I ſhould have replied with, "My good Sir, your kindneſs is ſuch, that I ſhould eſteem myſelf highly honoured by your acceptance of ſuch a trifling preſent." But I knew my man too well, and was certain that his good breeding would not have put me to the trouble of a ſecond offer; for without more ceremony he would have accepted of it. After breakfaſt Mrs. Garrick immediately withdrew, for ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her hence—and he poor man had not, he declared, ſuch an immenſe ſum in his own cuſtody; but on the day mentioned for Dublin hoy, he ſent the ſervant for it to Mrs. Garrick,

and paid me the mighty ſum—I do not know if *with all his heart*; but I know I took it (as Mrs. Trapes does the capuchin in the Beggar's Opera) *with all my ſoul.*

I informed my lady mother of my unexpected trip, ſhe did not like the thoughts of the ſea for her wiſe ſon; but truſting, as ſhe ever did, to the ſole Guider of all things, ſhe muſtered a reſolution, and prepared for my journey and voyage, as I was obliged to go in four or five days.

On the night I was to depart in the Cheſter fly, having had a porter to cord my boxes before I went to the play, on my return to take leave of my mother and not to depart without the good bleſſing, to my ſurpriſe I had locked up all my caſh in the boxes, and had not near ſufficient in my pocket to reach Dublin: I did not wiſh to unpack my mail-trunk till I had got to Holy-Head, where the officers of the cuſtom would per force view and feel the contents. I had at noon *only* left ſufficient for three months, for my mother, which was ever my firſt care after I was ſo enabled to prove my duty. It was near eleven o'clock when I diſcovered my error, and I had no remedy but to unpack, or the having recourſe to my good Mr. Garrick, for I was to be in the coach by twelve—I therefore made haſte to Southampton-Street—rapped aloud, and had the honour of ad-

mittance. He feared, on ſeeing me that ſome misfortune had happened: I got but juſt in time to ſave my diſtance, for he was in his night-cap, and ſaid, in about fifteen minutes he ſhould have been in bed. I told him the accident, and ſaid I ſhould really be much obliged to him for fifteen guineas, which he declared he was glad I wanted, as it gave him an opportunity to prove how willing he was to oblige me, and actually would not let me by any means take leſs than twenty: and, if in drawing an exact copy, as far as I can judge of the human heart, I do believe I was welcome to the ſum in the humour he was then in, even had he never received it again. When I repreſent a picture of oddities annexed to genius, do not let me ungenerouſly not feel and declare how well he here beſtowed; and I dare aver with ſincerity; he at times did generous actions, and liked they ſhould be known. But our minds are wavering in common life, and when we conſider the more his aſtoniſhing diſcernment deſcried and proved the difficulties he had to ſurmount, no wonder it in ſome degree ſpoiled perhaps a good mind, had he been placed in any other ſituation; veracity demands this complimentary truth to his memory.

Mr. Garrick was an actor on the ſtage of life; and on the ſtage itſelf he was not the actor, but life's exact mirror he held to public view. I here

ſubmiſſively bow to the reader, and ſeriouſly intreat the lady, or gentleman to believe, that a tribute paid to the merit of Mr. Garrick, by my bad pen, gives me more ſatisfaction than any contrary mark of character could do: But I am here giving a faithful account of facts, incidents, &c. and before I have finiſhed, I flatter myſelf I have not inſerted any thing which may impeach my gratitude to that gentleman on a ſummary view, from the beginning till I ſhall arrive at the ſum total, or but what will prove, if I have wrote a little evil in braſs, I have not wrote his good with water.

If the reader wonders at my want of caſh when I made this application, it was owing to the miſtake and the time of the night, and urgency made the neceſſity; for I was then an actor, and not that great inſignificant character a *poor* manager.—Money that I did not immediately want, my mother, at my requeſt, always put into the ſtocks.

Mr. Garrick would have been unhappy had I loſt a day, ſo eager was he for my expedition in every ſenſe of the word. I left my lodgings in Half-Moon-Street, (now more genteelly termed Little Bedford Street) and was carefully conveyed to Cheſter, and from there to Holy-Head, thence in a ſtorm, accompanied as uſual with a violent illneſs, I at length ſafe arrived to view that

very beautiful ſituation of Dublin Bay; and as illuminations and rejoicings for great events cannot be commemorated unleſs the day be aſcertained—know then, after an intolerable ſickneſs, in Greece I landed about ten o'clock on Wedneſday, December 26, 1759. This was to me a happy landing; and as I was going in a hackney coach to my lodgings, I thought I recollected the figure of a lady I knew, and on ſtopping the carriage, who ſhould it be but my dear Mrs. White, who was come over with her youngeſt daughter, ſiſter to the Miſs Kitty White who was with me at Portſmouth.

My favourite old lady, was thus haranguing Mr. Younger, who that year was at Crow-Street theatre, and pointing with dignity to a play bill. "Sir, you have not uſed my daughter Beſs well, 'pon my *ſould*, and Barry has kept her in Love's laſt Shift ever ſince ſhe came.—There is a bill with *Sylviar* at the bottom by that d--d devil, Mrs. Dancer.—Now, Sir, the poor dear creature wants the breeches parts, and if ſhe has them not, Mr. Barry will have his benches pulled.—Aſk Mr. Barry what he thinks my daughter came over to Ireland for?—Then if you do not know, I will tell you Sir——The breeches parts Sir! and ſhe expects *all* the breeches parts Sir—and now you know Bet's mind."—To me, the remembrance

of this odd whimſical lady is a treat, and I am not ſingle in my opinion, as Lord Miltoun, Lord Clanbraſſil, Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote, and others, uſed to be ſo entertained with my telling the incidents of her *outre* character, as occaſioned me and Mrs. Abington's acting two parts on the ſtage for the purpoſe.

The old lady's lecture being over, and ſeeing me, ſhe roared out, "O you devil, Tate! is it you? Kit wrote me word you was coming. Come open the door and let me into the coach, and go with me to Bet—ſhe will be delighted to ſee you." She ordered the coachman to ſtop next door to Ryan's tavern, near Crow-Street theatre, and being ſafely ſet down, we found Miſs Betſey at home, and with her a Counſellor Barret, whom I ſoon perceived had a ſtrong penchant for her.

Well, after my introduction to the Counſellor, and ſome *hot wind 'pon my ſould*, for Tate after his ſea voyage, all was laugh and harmony, and "as muſic has charms to ſooth the ſavage breaſt," (but here was an inſtance not to Congreve's credit, for it was quite the reverſe) Mr. Barrett, as he was traverſing to and fro, unfortunately took up the violin, and quickly played the Black Joke; the old lady's eyes were inſtantly inflamed, and a violent ſtorm aroſe, which hung with impregnant

clouds that hovered over our heads, and burſt at laſt in thunder and impetuous ſhowers.

" *Muſter* Barrett, Sir, no more of that tune Sir! I wont ſuffer that tune of *dol-di-di-dily*, for it's b—dy, Sir; I am thrill'd throfout when I hear it—for its b—dy, Sir!"—" But, my dear Ma'am," ſays the Counſellor"—" My dear devil!"—ſays the lady—" Don't dear me! the poor girl could not ſleep all laſt night for that d—mn—n tune."—— " Mamar! mamar!" ſays the poor innocent creature, " what is *dol-di-di-dily*, mamar?"—" Go to ſleep ma'am."—" Mamar! mamar!" again ſays ſhe, with all the innocence in the world, " pray tell me what is *dol-di-di-dily*?"—" Why " ma'am," ſince you muſt know, its b—dy, " ma'am; and now I hope you are anſwered." Poor innocent creature ſhe did not know what b—dy was. " So let me hear no more of *dol-di-di-dily*."

The daughter here ventured to ſoften matters. She was ſure Mr. Barrett meant no harm with *dol-di-di-dily*; when her mother turned about and with an alarming voice cryed out—" O you eternal limb! I'll tell you ma'am,"—and indeed ſhe was almoſt as good as her word, for ſhe ſlapped her face moſt violently, ſcreaming out at the ſame time, " Was ever mother ſo ch ill'd throfout!"—the daughter tragically on her knees pul-

ling her mother's petticoats, who was declaring for England ho!—Myſelf and Mr. Barrett endeavouring to ſeparate the young ſobbing ſuppliant and the enraged heroine—Mr. Barrett's face by no means eſcaped her nails, or what the old gentlewoman termed *tremendours ſlaps*, till the entrance of a couple of fine boiled fowls, with celery ſauce, roaſt beef, and ſome mince pies, which the Counſellor had ordered from Ryan's, produced a wonderful effect; for anger gave way to hunger, and rage ſubſided for the different paſſions—She kiſſed Bet, ſhe kiſſed Tate—ſhe laughed and ſaid to Mr. Barrett—"Go you devil and waſh your face with brandy, it is the moſt ſovereigneſt thing in the world, for a ſcratcht face *'pon my ſould*, and then come and get your dinner." The Counſellor yielded to the enforced law of brandy, and promiſing never to play *dol-di-di-dily* again, we made as good a quartetto as I ever remember.

Dinner was ſcarce removed when a *rat-tat* was heard at the door, and in came Mrs. Kennedy breathleſs and expreſs from Mr. Barry, with the news that Mr. Dancer had expired that day at noon. The play intended for that evening was Romeo and Juliet, and as Miſs White was ſtudied in the part, Mr. Barry begged ſhe would play it, and inſtantly attend him at the theatre to rehearſe. "Ay, that ſhe ſhall," cried the old lady, "for

Bet, has been in Love's laſt Shift for the whole winter, poor creature! and has had nothing elſe to comfort her; but now Beſs has a good thing to do—ſhe ſhall ſhew what acting is *'pon my ſould!*" —Off they went to the theatre; and as Mrs. Dancer could not appear, an apology was made, and I ſaw Miſs White play Juliet. I muſt explain by the old lady's Laſt Shift, that Miſs White had made her firſt appearance, and played one part only that ſeaſon, which was Amanda, in Cibber's comedy of that name.

Counſellor Barret loſt no time in declaring his paſſion; for in about ſix weeks the bar orator pleaded his cauſe ſo urgently and ſucceſsfully, that Miſs Betſey allured by his fiddle attraction of *dol-di-di-dily*, eloped with him one morning whilſt her tender *mama* was ſlumbering to that wakeful nightingale her *noſe*; and before the clock had ſtruck ten, the holy prieſt had made thoſe two in one, and they were faſt married. He had a genteel fortune; but his lady did not prove true unto his bed I believe, for he ſent her to a nunnery, (a very improper place) where not liking penance, ſhe ſoon finiſhed her ſhort career, ſickened, pined, and died. On the morning they eloped the good old lady burſt ſuddenly into my bed-chamber, tore open the curtains, and demanded her daughter from out of my bed: but

my assurances of innocence as to any knowledge of her maiden, pacified her by degrees, and off she set to search some other young man's bed; for that, it seemed, was the place she had ascertained as the most probable to find her daughter Bess. This truly original character was born at Hull: I apprehend the natural acuteness of Yorkshire air, polished and refined by the allowed elegant breeding of St. Giles's, gave the extraordinary finish to the *tout ensemble* of this truly original slip slop character.

Mrs. Dancer soon as possible played again, as her absence reduced Barry to the most pressing necessities, which being properly and submissively laid before her, she melted and pitied his lamentable situation, and generously flew to his relief. At this period Mr. Mossop's tragical powers were added to those of Mr. Barry's, and these, united, of course were attractive.

Mr. Mossop's departure from Drury-Lane, was partly occasioned by an affront he took from Mr. Garrick's appointing Mr. Mossop to act Richard, as we will suppose this night, and his first and best character, which stood well against Mr. Garrick's, tho' not so artfully and finely discriminated, and at the same time the manager secured a command from the Prince of Wales for the night following; so that when Mr. Mossop had finished Rich

ard with remarkable credit in February 1759, to his aſtoniſhment the Mr. Palmer of that age ſtepped forward and ſaid, "To-morrow night, by command of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, (his preſent Majeſty) King Richard III. King Richard, by Mr. Garrick." It gave a great damp to what Mr. Moſſop had juſt finiſhed; it certainly was galling, and proved duplicity and ill-nature, as well as envy.

I had a letter pointedly in my favour from Mr. Garrick to a Mr. Wilks, who had juſt then finiſhed a hiſtory of the Iriſh ſtage, and had paid Mr. Garrick moſt laviſh compliments. Mr. Wilks was very kind when I viſited him, and preſented me with his book, which I have carefully preſerved.

To ſhew how eaſily Mr. Garrick would let trifles vex him, he uſed frequently to correſpond with a Mr. Swan of York; who, like Mr. Rich, thought himſelf the only reader or judge of Shakſpeare's Othello: he had been an actor, and acting manager many years before in Dublin; but not remembered as Mr. Victor obſerves: for the Dublin ſtage being in ſuch dreadful order till after the year 1740, when Mr. Sheridan (ſon of Dr. Sheridan, and father to our preſent ſhining ornament, of the Engliſh ſenate and the Engliſh ſtage) became the undaunted reformer of every flagrant

abuſe. Mr. Swan, after having at York taught Mr. Jackſon, now the Edinburgh manager, how to undraw the curtain in his favourite balcony ſcene, (never acted but by his direction) ſaid to a gentleman of the theatre, now in York in a very reſpectable ſituation——"No man underſtands Othello but myſelf."—"No!" ſays the gentleman —"What do you think of Mr. Garrick?"—"O! by G—d the man is not adequate to it—for he has neither learning nor underſtanding equal to the taſk." This fooliſh trifling circumſtance was repeated to Mr. Moody; who, when in London, ſeeing Mr. Swan's letters to Mr. Garrick, wherein he paid great adulation to his judgment, told the ridiculous circumſtance, as a proof of that gentleman's duplicity. Mr. Garrick after that received ſeveral letters from Mr. Swan, but never anſwered one.

On the evening of my arrival in Dublin, December 26, 1759, I had a meſſage from Mr. Brown, the manager of Smock-alley theatre, with an invitation to ſupper: We ſoon agreed, for he did not know I was bound not to act at the other theatre, ſo all I aſked was granted, and preliminaries were ſettled with the utmoſt harmony, and the night fixed for my firſt mounting the ſtage. But before I enter on the circumſtances attending my own ſkill on this adventure, it will be neceſſary, as

an hiſtorian, to inform the reader reſpecting many alterations that had occurred in the meridian of Dublin ſince my firſt attempt on that ſtage, in December 1757, and what I am now to mention was in January, 1760. All, or moſt of my theatrical readers, have doubtleſs been informed of the ſtate of the Dublin theatres, from books, relators, or experience; but a ſhort information for ſtrangers to thoſe points in general is, I think, in ſome degree here neceſſary.

When I acted with Mr. Foote, in 1757, the expences were on a narrow ſcale, but on a more ſolid and ſecure foundation than in 1760; or I fear than at preſent, 1790. Indeed, in this year, the theatre is honoured with a patent; yet like the expenſive cones of Cherburgh, I fear the profit is ſtill far back, many ſtorms aſſault, and ſometimes in want of regular ſupplies; the garriſon not loyal, and the inſide of the *genii* palace very melancholy; not all well within, though adorned with falſe glare and enterpriſe. Indeed, to keep a Dublin or a York theatre, and gain the attention of a fickle audience, greedy for variety, and ſoon ſatiated, muſt be attended with expence and fatigue of mind, beyond the poſſible idea of an auditor; and though great receipts do at particular times happen, yet the very ill ſucceſs that drags on for want of ability, before the ſudden

ſpring tide ſets the crazy veſſel afloat, makes the Captain Manager too well acquainted with that hard labour the vulgar term—*working for a dead horſe*.—I am ſure I can tell the Dublin manager I ſpeak this feelingly, but not as an agreeable *truth*; and if I am wrong in my ſuppoſition of him, I beg his pardon, and wiſh him joy of his arduous ſituation.

Now Mr. Sheridan in 1757 was the manager of a good theatre, with decent wardrobe, ſcenery, &c.—His plays acted with exactneſs, propriety, and regularity, and with every neceſſary embelliſhment.

A LIST *of his* COMPANY.

MEN.——Mr. Sheridan;—Mr. Foote;—Mr. King;—Mr. Heaphy;—Mr. Glover;—Mr. Hurſt;—Mr. Kennedy;—Mr. Iſaac Sparks;—Mr. Wilkinſon, and others.——WOMEN.—Mrs. Fitzhenry;—Mrs. Kennedy;—Miſs Grace Philips;—Miſs Philips;—Mrs. Heaphy;—Mrs. Glover;—Mrs. Pye, and others.

Mr. Sheridan then did not gain any enormous ſum, though he was in univerſal eſteem, and beloved as a gentleman, and an actor of great ability. At times he had very beneficial ſeaſons. His charge for a benefit was only 40l.—Now, on my arrival in 1760, Mr. Barry's charges were with

difficulty, and I believe loſs, continued at 60l. Mr. Barry and Mr. Woodward, by raiſing a ſubſcription, had a new, extenſive, and more elegant theatre; and new brooms ſweep clean. They opened that theatre in October, 1758; but it was loaded with not leſs than ſixty ſubſcribers tickets. When Woodward and Barry firſt acted, great ſums were received, but it was but the viſion of an hour; for the number of auditors were confined when compared to thoſe of London, and as John Moody ſays, *they could not haud it, they could not haud it.*

Mr. Sheridan that year, after endeavouring to rally forces, and make way againſt the ſtream of Faſhion, found the current too ſtrong, was obliged to quit his ſhip, as the old crazy theatrical veſſel threatened inſtant ſinking, and from the ruins of which the very rats had run; he found himſelf deſerted by Mr. King and Mrs. Fitzhenry, who went over to the foe: ſo he took the firſt opportunity of a fair wind and retreated, not deeming himſelf——

> Arm'd with ſelf-ſufficient merit
> To take the field againſt a hoſt of foes.

For as Hudibras ſays—

> He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day;

But he who is in battle ſlain,
Will never riſe to fight again.

The firſt year ſeemed to promiſe Barry and Woodward ſucceſs. To Barry it was not ſo material being in debt, for that never diſturbed his reſt. Woodward's diſpoſition was quite the contrary, for his dinner, good or bad, would not digeſt unleſs he was certain it was paid for.—He was an œconomiſt in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word—He had ſecured a little fortune quite ſufficient for that enviable ſtate, *independency*; his income at Drury-Lane having been affluent with great benefits for ſeveral years, and a darling of the public from boxes to the galleries. But with a grand view for gain, he unfortunately experienced a total change. He had quitted luxury, riches, and eaſe, and was playing in Dublin with vexation, danger, and ſlavery, in a comparative view, and one miſhap after another in perpetual ſucceſſion. The nights when Barry and Woodward did not act the houſes were ſo bad as to cauſe a woeful drawback.

Crow-ſtreet ſeemed on the firſt onſet to promiſe well; but Barry was himſelf a very luxurious Marc Antony to ſupport; and the other houſe in Smock-alley, though contemptible in a comparative view, yet was often galling, and pricked the

ſides of royalty; for Barry and Woodward were appointed maſters of the Revels, which gave them the power of dubbing their new houſe *royal*; but the Lord Mayor at that time had the power to licence what theatres he judged proper; yet Woodward found it impoſſible, and a more difficult taſk than he imagined, to cruſh what he at firſt looked on as a very contemptible, weak enemy; yet weak and malicious enemies can ſometimes pour in ſtrength, and often create uneaſineſs and perplexity.

The revival of Douglas at the old houſe, by Mr. Digges and Mrs. Ward—alſo getting plays occaſionally beſpoke—benefits artfully given to public charities, and well-known genteel families in diſtreſs, but above all beginning their principal benefits in the height of the ſeaſon againſt the ſtrongeſt plays of their opponents, certainly greatly hurt their conſequence, deſtroyed Woodward's reſt, and lowered Barry's fame, which ſtood aloft, and looked diſdain and terror on the hoſt of ſcattered ſcarecrows beneath him; yet theſe inevitable ſtrokes could not be parried.

But on ſome of thoſe nights, when Barry, Woodward, Mrs. Fitzhenry, and Mrs. Dancer, did all unite, with an excellent company, and exerted their beſt abilities, have they performed to a middling houſe; while the other has had a full

theatre, on some popular occasion, to an ill-acted play, with dirty clothes and scenes, and a dismally bad-lighted theatre.—Indeed I have known even in London, when Mr. Rich has revived an old pantomime tagged to a vile-acted play, that Garrick has trembled; and I have heard him remark, that if they came to a tragedy at Drury-Lane from want of admittance by an overflow of Covent-Garden, they were not in humour the whole night, as the grown masters and misses were disappointed of seeing the puppet-shew, and were deprived of their rattle.—I must mention all that incredible rage for pantomime in London is now, to the credit of the audience, no more, but it comes in very properly as a relief;—but thirty-five years ago, to Harlequin Socerer, the doors were obliged to be opened at three o'clock, and were at times broke open, so eager were the million for admittance.

In the Dublin struggle, Barry and Woodward met with inconceivable and unforseen perplexities; they had recourse to their powerful set of friends, particularly to ladies of quality, to add their names to their strong plays, which had certainly irresistible charms: but this could not always last; however that, and then beginning their own benefits gave a total overthrow to the enemy, who were so tattered and so mean in their attire, that "their executors

the greedy crows, flew hovering o'er their heads impatient of their lean inheritance," they were obliged then to ſubmit to the fate of war and ſhut up the playhouſe, while Barry rode triumphant in his gilded car, and ſwept all before him:—Nor did he, that I ever heard, ſend them dinners and apparel, but, like Mr. Bayes's troops, ſuppoſed them all dead men. Barry and Woodward cloſed early in June 1759, opened again in October, and thought Dublin their own; but November had not elapſed before they had authentic intelligence that an army lay concealed: But as they were poor do not think the army in diſguiſe were as lucky as Mr. Bayes's, where we are informed all the innkeepers were their friends. Indeed Barry and Woodward this year were, by wiſhing to do too much, the cauſe of their own deſtruction: they had offered Moſſop, as I have related, great terms, and bribed him from Drury-Lane; and here they certainly were wrong, for Moſſop would never have left the firſt ſituation in Drury-Lane on any chance (or even certainty) and join a banditti, to perform in a theatre ſo deſtitute of every article whatever, to have oppoſed their handſome well-provided theatre in all points. However they had him there. Mr. Moſſop being bred a gentleman, alſo the ſon of one, and having had a Dublin college education, he was univerſally known and

in high esteem, and was then thought by every one prudent and of an economical turn, but lived very genteelly: It was difficult to decide that season which was the greatest favourite with the ladies as a tragedian, Barry or Mossop; which was strange, as Barry was not only far superior, professionally, but was the only actor for really making love I ever saw; but Mossop added to much sterling merit and the firmness of voice for strength and clearness, that double attraction, novelty. But the audience unfortunately will not always judge as the players do, but assert their undoubted right of pleasing themselves.

I should like audiences to approve as I wished them, and believe there are other managers would like, seriously speaking, the same; and yet, in a general view, unless on riotous doings, Garrick had a wonderful power of that kind over his hearers, as they mostly held him invaluable, and put great faith in what he recommended to their sanction and good opinion.

A list of the principal performers in the two comnies in Dublin, January 1760.

Crow-Street.

MEN.—Barry, Mossop, Sowden, Jefferson, Walker, Woodward, Macklin, Foote, Vernon, Dexter, Heaphy.——WOMEN.—Dancer, Fitzhenry, Kennedy, &c.

Smock-Alley.

MEN.—Brown, Ryder, Wilkinſon, Staley, Heaton, and Hurſt.——WOMEN.—Mrs. Abington, Ibbott, Philips, and Ryder.

Now the reader, if not theatrical, will better underſtand what I had to encounter on my arrival. Mr. Brown was the deſperate manager of Smock-alley theatre; he had been in much eſteem as an actor and a gentleman at Bath and Edinburgh—once attempted Richard at Drury-Lane, but was barely permitted to finiſh the part—He had been in the army, and was well known by moſt of the officers; was a moſt pleaſing well-behaved companion, was very indolent, a ſecond Digges for extravagance, was much in debt in England and in Dublin, and it was very immaterial to him if he failed as manager, for he could not be poorer; and though it might put a ſtop to more credit, he was ſo well beloved they never preſſed him to any diſtreſs, for as they knew money he had not, to lock him up was inflicting cruelty that could not anſwer any good purpoſe. His Copper Captain was ſo much approved that it always brought money; Woodward's was thought very inferior, nor could he keep that play on a par againſt Brown, with all the ſtriking advantages his theatre and company poſſeſſed:—Our theatre was, as before

deſcribed, and looked like a dungeon. Mrs. Abington (who was then of no note) had, three or four years before that November, played a few parts at Bath, (when Mr. Brown was manager) alſo at Richmond, and ſome chance plays with Theophilus Cibber in the ſummer, by permiſſion of the Lord Chamberlain, in the Hay-market, and had been engaged in 1759 at Drury-Lane at thirty ſhillings per week. Mrs. Abington had performed Dorcas in the Mock Doctor, &c. but Mr. Garrick not perceiving her merit, or in fear that encouragement would be for claiming advancement of terms, did not ſeem inclined to introduce that lady to advantage before the public:—But my then intimate friend, Mrs. Abington, formed a better opinion of her own deſerts, and thinking Mr. Garrick intended injury, inſtead of acting friendly, ſhe, without ceremony, ſuddenly eloped in December to her former manager and old acquaintance Mr. Brown, who had hired Smock-alley theatre at a trifling rent of Dr. Wilſon: He had wrote to her on his new acquired honours, and aſſured her of the choice of every leading character whatever, if ſhe would quit her then indifferent Drury-Lane engagement. Mrs. Abington had arrived about fourteen days before me, and had acted with good and gracious reception; but not having the London ſtamp of

conſequence, was only ſpoke of as really a very clever woman. My terms were ſettled at ſhares after 20l. and a clear benefit, with three weeks notice whenever I ſhould chooſe to appoint my night. Mr. Garrick, in his act of grace, had left me what is termed a creep-hole out of the act of parliament; for he had not deſired me to make it a provincial attack in what was then termed my way, by ridiculing Barry, Moſſop, Woodward, &c. being aſſured my eagerneſs to do it was ſufficient; but here he was miſtaken, for under ſo good a theatrical guide as himſelf, I muſt have been a ſtupid hound indeed not to have learned inſtinctively a ſmall portion of ſagacity; and he did not doubt but I ſhould be led by natural error into an eagerneſs for the ſport, without my paying any attention to the being right or wrong: but I had, with a little maturity, attained ſome experience and obſervation; and on ruminating on what had, and what might happen, and not by any means approving my Drury-Lane engagement, nor relying too much on a great man's promiſe, and doubting of terms to pleaſe me for the following year, the ſeeds of rebellion were ſcattered in my heart and promiſed growth.—It preſently on reflection convinced me, if I made the managers of Crow-ſtreet my enemies, I was not only acting as a fool, but alſo as a

tool to accompliſh Mr. Garrick's purpoſes, which would throw me back entirely into his power, as I ſhould exclude myſelf by ſo doing from all reſource in the capital theatres; and though I felt and glowed as the Alexander and the Lear of Portſmouth, ſtill my connections and attachments to the great world made me only reliſh country retreats by way of relaxation, and as a man of conſequence appertaining to the royal theatres, not as a conſtant reſident of a provincial community: Therefore, if by attempting to appear with great eclat, I quitted all hopes of the ſubſtance by preferring the ſhadow, it would put an effectual bar to all my ſelf-flattering hopes of future proſperity, and by pleaſing two or three audiences might create a bundle of bitter, laſting, and implacable enemies; yet while I preſerved my engagement for the winter of any conſequence as a public character in either London or Dublin, it was ſecurity for a good profitable reception for the ſummer in the country, either in England or Ireland.

It ſo happened I was the firſt who had explored from London into the depths of country playhouſes; in conſequence the ſucceſs was much more ſecure, profitable, and blazing, than it would be in the preſent times: as now every principal actor and actreſs's merit is as well underſtood and declaimed upon at the *Half Moon* or any other public-

houſe, as if one of their own breed; almoſt every theatrical ſtar having deigned to ſhine in all the principal theatres in the three kingdoms.

Now, in point of imitation, Mr. Foote was fair game, and allowed to be ſo even by the good company he was then engaged with at Crow-ſtreet.

My firſt appearance at Smock-alley that year was on Friday, January 4, 1760—Much Ado about Nothing—Benedick, Mr. Brown; Beatrice, Mrs. Abington.—With (never acted in this kingdom) The Diverſions of the Morning; which I acted at Drury-Lane the ſeaſon before for my own benefit.—Foote brought out a piece againſt me, which luckily failed?—He acted Lady Pentweazle in the firſt act as I did; in the ſecond act he expected to do a great deal with his Tragedy A-la-Mode, but not having any perſon to relieve him, and trying the paſte-board figures, it was with difficulty that part was ſuffered to finiſh: though after that time it did great matters at the Haymarket; but never ſo well as when we acted it together—he the author, and myſelf, dreſſed as the tragedy actor, was Golcondas the hero. The papers of next day gave the following account, I ſuppoſe from Mr. Brown the director.

"Laſt night, TASTE; or, The Diverſions of the Morning, was performed at the theatre in Smock-alley. The uncommon applauſe with

which it was received, ſpoke the merit of the principal performer, and by particular deſire will be performed again on Monday next.

" To Mr. SAUNDERS, Printer.

" SIR,

" I SEND you an extract of a letter I found in Sycamore-alley this morning, which, as it contains theatrical news, may afford ſome entertainment. The original you or any one may ſee at any time; but as the cover was loſt, I knew not to whom to return it.

James-ſtreet, " I am your humble ſervant,
16 Jan. 1760. " ZACH. JOHNSON."

" I have detached Foote's pupil to help you to " pull down thoſe mighty Kings. God ſend he " may have better ſucceſs than the Oſtrich; for " that, I am told, never drew enough to pay its " freight. He is all I can ſpare at preſent; a d—d " clever fellow, and will work their buff. If he " ſhould fail he will be no loſer, for he is conti- " nued on my pay. I beg you will be kind to " him.—Theſe curſed burletta people I took from " Marybone have done nothing; I wiſh the devil " had them. For God's ſake let me know if you " think they would go down in Dublin, and I will " huſtle them off to you immediately. Tell the poor " people to keep up their ſpirits, for they may de-

"pend upon every aſſiſtance that can be ſpared "by, &c."

Before the performance I received a meſſage from Mr. Barry with propoſals for an engagement, which it was impoſſible to accept.—Foote ſaid, "D——n the pug! what can he do againſt "me? he is as ignorant as a whore's maid."

All my numerous good friends in Dublin were daily increaſing, yet they much feared it would be impoſſible for me to ſucceed to any thing like advantage with ſuch an indifferent company, and in ſo ſhabby a theatre; Mr. Ryder ſtanding confeſſedly a good actor, but neither he nor Mrs. Abington had then roſe to their well-deſerved eſtimation; but my acquaintance aſſured me of their concurrence to ſupport me.

On the morning of my firſt performance, a gentleman, (Mr. Coates) a ſubſcriber, very intimate and warm in the intereſt of Crow-ſtreet theatre, ſaid, he waited on me at the deſire of his friends, Meſſrs. Barry and Woodward, to inform me, Mr. Barry in particular wiſhed me every ſucceſs, and I might reſt aſſured on my benefit night they would not oppoſe any ſtrength that might tend to my prejudice—at the ſame time begged permiſſion to hint (and leave the conſideration to my better judgment) that it would be extremely irkſome to Mr. Barry, who was hazarding a deep game, and

had much at ſtake, to give the ſlighteſt opportunity for his enemies, the partizans of Mr. Sheridan's remaining party, to laugh at any little peculiarities of Mr. Barry's becoming an object for public ridicule by my talent of mimicry on the ſtage. Mr. Barry deſired him to ſay, his theatre ſhould always be open to receive me on any future occaſion; and it might happen at ſome other time to ſuit both our intereſts for our mutual advantage; "and," added my viſitor, "I ſincerely wiſh Mr. Wilkinſon, you will take my advice, for the friends of Meſſrs. Barry and Woodward are of the firſt conſequence, and the leading people in the kingdom: they have now paid a high compliment to your abilities; and though, Mr. Wilkinſon, I have undertaken this embaſſy, I aſſure you it is not entirely on their accounts, but chiefly on your own. I wiſh well to both parties; my friends well of Crow-ſtreet, and I wiſh you well as a young man early in life, under the patronage of my old acquaintance Mr. Chaigneau. Great diſturbances often happen from trivial cauſes, and if your imitation of thoſe gentlemen of Crow-ſtreet ſhould occaſion the exertion of their ſtrength, and ſhould they oppoſe you, where you now have one friend you will then have a thouſand enemies, and it may fall heavy on you; whereas, if you act as by my advice, you will increaſe your connexions." Theſe ſentiments

coincided ſo nearly with my own, they were not harſh or unpalatable to me.

Mr. Chaigneau was a ſubſcriber to Crow-ſtreet theatre, and had expreſſed himſelf uneaſy on the ſubject: I rather ſuſpect he was the inſtigator of this viſit. I promiſed Mr. Coates to acquieſce; gave my compliments to Mr. Barry, and that he might depend on his requeſt being complied with. The day after my appearance, Mr. Barry ſent me a ſhort letter of congratulation on the good reception he had heard I was favoured with the night before, and deſired, when my benefit was, that I would inſtantly inform him, and incloſe ten box tickets. Alſo the high breathing Mr. Moſſop called, wondering, as we had both been at Drury-Lane the winter before, that I had not, ſoon after my arrival, been to ſee him and left a card of direction to Henry-court, Dame-ſtreet. He affected great eaſe and gaiety, neither of which ſat eaſy; though a proud well-behaved man, he hoped we ſhould be on friendly terms while I continued in Ireland. He did not expreſs one ſyllable relative either to mimicry or what I had done, or intended to do, at Smock-alley theatre. On his departure he rung the bell for a pen and ink, and begged permiſſion to leave a note of remembrance for ſix box tickets on my benefit night. I occaſionally waited on Mr, Moſſop in Henry-court, ſo we both

kept up the appearance of civility; but I was not such a novice not to well know (like Polly in the Beggar's Opera) that all this wheedling was not for nothing; and had he asked me to have drank, like Miss Peachum, I should not have poured any of his strong waters down my throat.

When the benefit came I sent the tickets—Mr. Mossop called in a few days and presented me with three guineas for his debt of honour:—Mr. Barry I called on, and sent to, but never got admittance. When my departure grew near, I really was urgent, and desired Mr. Mossop to mention it to him—he did one night, while he was acting Lear; he sent a message after the play to see me the next noon; (I had touched his pride; if I had not, do not think I should have touched the cash). I did not omit being punctual;—he met me with all those winning smiles and graces, for which he had few competitors on or off the stage. After many excuses, and rejoicing at my success, he presented me with five guineas, and apologized for begging my acceptance of such a *bagatelle*.—I assured him I was fully satisfied; he asked me to dinner with all the appearance of sincerity, but I think I can pronounce he was better pleased, and more sincere, when it came to the short phrase of, *I wish you a good day, Mr. Wilkinson.* As he had

made the parade, I certainly was right to expect to be paid for my ten box tickets.

Barry, without doubt, poſſeſſed the art of pleaſing perſuaſion beyond any man I ever ſaw: So thought the late Mr. Pelham. He was bewitching to hear, and dangerous to believe.

Previous to this account I ſhould have mentioned, the ſecond night of my performance was on Monday, January 7, The Merchant of Venice; Shylock, Mr. Brown; Portia, Mrs. Abington; and Diverſions of the Morning. I believe there might be 40l. in the houſe. I took great pains —Mr. Foote was my chief food, and I was really and truly greatly approved.

The Duke and Ducheſs of Bedford honoured Smock-alley with a command on Monday, January 16.

My not interfering with the peculiarities of the gentlemen of Crow-ſtreet theatre (of which every one, more or leſs, had his ſhare) certainly made me friends, and alſo rendered my time more eaſy and quiet. I was in a conſtant round of invitations and good Iriſh feaſting.—While memory holds its ſeat in my diſtracted globe Dublin will never be eraſed thence, nor muſt I, in gratitude and duty to my friends there, and reſpect and pleaſure to myſelf, ever forget, that my firſt guinea I dared fairly call my own was in Dublin. So

that my fair and lucky days I attribute to the genial ſoil of Old Ireland; my unlucky ones, but too often, I ſet down to my own account, with that mixture of vexation which lifts the ingredients of the poiſoned chalice to my own lips. Indeed thoſe who are bleſſed with hereditary, or chance affluence, or ſufficient independence, where the poſt of honour is the private ſtation, are the truly bleſſed; yet they are not exempt from ills, but certainly bid the faireſt to poſſeſs content and happineſs. I ſhould like to try the experiment of independence; and who would not?

I acted, beſides the Diverſions of the Morning, that ſeaſon, 1760, King Lear; Zamti, in the Orphan of China, repeatedly; Mrs. Amlet, &c. Corinna, Mrs. Abington; Braſs, Mr. Brown; alſo myſelf Lord Chalkſtone and the Old Man; Mrs. Abington, the Frenchman, with great applauſe; I Cadwallader, and that lady, Becky.

Mr. Foote's benefit at Crow-ſtreet, was on Tueſday, February 11th. I fixed mine at Smock-alley for Friday, February 15th.—Mr. Foote's play was Love makes a Man.——Clody, Mr. Woodward; Don Choleric, (firſt time) Mr. Foote; with his Tragedy A-la-Mode:——His boxes, though faſhionable, were not extremely well ſupported. The houſe, on the whole, did not amount to above one hundred pounds.

The weather on my benefit night was dreadful indeed, every combination of deep ſnow, ſtorm, &c. Notwithſtanding the theatre overflowed from every part, and almoſt as ſoon as the doors were opened even the orcheſtra was filled with gentlemen who got over; the greateſt part of the pit was laid into the boxes.—At Crow-ſtreet, they acted Meaſure for Meaſure.—Duke, Mr. Moſſop; Lucio, Mr. Woodward; Iſabella, Mrs. Fitzhenry, with Fortunatus, above 120l.—A Miſs M'Neale had a good Concert, and there were debates that night in the Houſe of Commons. The receipt of my houſe was 172l. the greateſt ever known at that time in that theatre. I mention this dreadful night as to weather, though a good blowing wind to me, not by any means to denote my conſequence, but to have the reader note, what Dublin on a night of tempeſt and ſtreets covered with ſnow could do, even at that time, when inclination prompted; as not my houſe only, but each place I have mentioned was well attended, though Dublin was not by a full third, I have reaſon to believe, what it is now, and a city growing not only more populous, but what is as good increaſing in trade, opulence, and ſplendour. The eagerneſs for admittance was ſo extraordinary, that another night was deſired for my advantage, and Mr. Brown, the manager,

complied on condition of ſharing after 30l. which I agreed to. I had 60l. on Thurſday, Feb. 21, in what is there termed outſtanding tickets. My benefit this year in point of profit, beſides the receipt being better, was far ſuperior to my firſt benefit there in 1758. A very particular circumſtance occaſioned this, which honour and juſtice calls on me to explain.

The farce (as by bill) was *High Life below Stairs.* before my benefit happened Mr. Foote (who of all men in the world ought not to have been offended) found himſelf much hurt and wounded, and ſo little maſter of himſelf, that notwithſtanding the unbounded liberties he had taken not only with the players, but alſo often to the diſturbance of the peace of private families, as Mr. Langford, Mr. Aprice, Ducheſs of Kingſton, and various other perſons might riſe up at three different ſtage trap doors, like Richard's Ghoſts, to declare and ſwear. He actually viſited me in great wrath, attended by Mr. Larry Kennedy, and in Piſtol like manner proteſted, "If I dared take any more liberties on the ſtage in future with him, he was determined the next day to call me to account." But I purſued my plan, and was obliged, amongſt other favours to Mr. Foote, that he was not obſervant, but let me reſt in quiet. We often met drawn up at noon in different parties in the Tri-

nity-College Gardens as perfect ſtrangers, but never at any houſe of viſiting; if we had, his talent of wit would have forced me to have felt the ſeverity of his laſh. This ſurely is a ſtriking inſtance how little we allow for the feelings of others, and how ſoon in general we are touched, galled, mortified, and enraged ourſelves; that Mr. Foote ſhould have felt himſelf hurt by my ſallies of mimicry is not only ſtrange; but that he ſhould be ſo weak as confeſs it, ſtill more extraordinary, and made his viſit to me a ſtanding joke againſt him in the green-room. Every comprehenſion ſhould retain,

> Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
> Kills for faults of his own liking!
> Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
> To weed my vice, and let his grow.

Indeed the only inſtance of true good humour and pleaſantry, on ſuch an occaſion, was afforded to me by my old acquaintance, the late Mr. Holland, when he returned from his Liverpool ſummer excurſion to London, early in September 1764, preparatory to the opening of Drury-Lane theatre, which was bordering on the cloſe of the theatrical Hay-Market campaign: He was in the boxes at the repreſentation of Tragedy A-la-Mode, where he was a viſible witneſs to my ſimilitude of his voice, manner, and mode of expreſſion; he alſo perceived and felt the

uncommon applauſe that honoured my performance; he was himſelf at the inſtant convinced of the likeneſs. After the performance he ſupped at Mr. Foote's, and the never-forgotten *Chace Price*, jokingly and provokingly aſked Holland, How he admired himſelf in the Muſe's looking glaſs that Mr. Wilkinſon had that night ſhewn him? Holland with a laugh, attended with the greateſt apparent good humour and non-chalance, declared, "That he was ſo well pleaſed with the ſpecimen of himſelf, that if his friend Wilkinſon could ſupport a difficult character throughout equal to his performance that evening, he ſhould pronounce him a moſt excellent actor." Chace Price, Foote, and every one of the ſocial board united in paying compliments to Holland's proper and well timed opinion of the Tea he had ſipped juſt before at the theatre, and unexpectedly pronounced it not unpleaſant, but even palatable. Except that viſit from Mr. Foote, with Mr. Kennedy in Dublin, we had never ſpoke from his refuſal to play for me at Drury-Lane, in the ſpring 1759, which cruel refuſal as I then judged it, turned out a moſt fortunate though unforeſeen occurrence to me.

The managers of Crow-ſtreet had to boaſt of the excellent performance of their plays; the novelty of Woodward's pantomimes, got up at a

great expence, Foote's pieces, and the amazing attraction of Mr. Macklin, and his attention to Love-a-la-Mode that ſeaſon, being its firſt repreſentation in Ireland:——It was thus acted—Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Mr. Barry; Sir Archy M'Sarcaſm, Mr. Macklin; Sir Theodore, Mr. Walker; Beau Mordecai, Mr. Meſſink, (excellent in a ſuperior degree) Squire Groom, Mr. Woodward.—With this army in dread array, they neglected what I luckily thought of, the then new entertaining little farce of High Life below Stairs, brought out at Drury-Lane, ſo early as the month of October that ſeaſon. It was often acted before Mrs. Abington's departure and mine for Ireland, ſo we were both perfect in all the minutiæ of the farce, or what we term the *ſtage buſineſs*; very material points in getting up a piece with correctneſs. Each character was within the compaſs of our little troop—one and all with very little attention and care to appear to advantage; beſides having the great addition of originality, it was well drawn for the compaſs of middling abilities to comprehend and execute: ſo that, take it for all in all, High Life below Stairs was a ſtrong chance of good novelty, and was attended with very little extraordinary expence, which was another convenience to our manager, as he was to pay for what I revived or produced for my

nights' entertainments.——No comparison could be drawn to our disadvantage—another favourable point.——Mrs. Abington approved of my thought for that farce, and she not only consented, but seemed pleased with Mrs. Kitty; and though she had played several leading characters, yet our receipts only ran from 20l. to 75l. and at best 40l. in general, one night with the other. She laboured under great disadvantages, and such as much repelled her endeavours to get admittance in the Court of Fame; for though she was much approved, yet as she had not then a London stamp, and as Mrs. Dancer was firmly established in Dub- her merit was much forgot when her guests were departed.

My night being so well and fashionably attended, not only by a crowded, but a most brilliant pit and boxes, and the heavy play of Douglas but indifferently acted, and must have appeared to great disadvantage when comparisons were drawn by an impartial review of the different theatres.—However, it wat set out, not only with composure, but, really, applause:—we were perfect, which will ever help indifferent acting, and my age was very proper for the part of Douglas; they were pleased to applaud me in it, and that dismal story gave double force and a relish to our farce. My Tea had long been sanctioned, and I had credit for all my

imitations, had they not been ſo good as they were; but they had not any opinion of our farce, though manufactured in London, as Mr. Garrick ſeldom at firſt put his name to any piece till its ſucceſs was ſigned; therefore, not having a good author's name, they concluded, had it merited any notice it would not have eſcaped the ſcrutinizing eye of Mr. Woodward; they did not conſider, or ſufficiently know, that with Barry's and Moſſop's tragedies, Woodward's comedies and pantomimes, and Macklin's Love A-la-Mode, they had worked all their buffs, and Macklin had drilled even the managers well at Rehearſals, which altogether, with Foote's pieces, &c. cut out ſuch work for the ſeaſon, as racked their inventions to get finiſhed and produced; ſo my audience only expected a poor farce, and as poorly acted, which would be treated with the laugh of the pit, and ſneering contempt would finiſh the evening's entertainment.———But half the firſt act had not paſſed before looks of univerſal ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction overſpread every countenance with unceaſing ſatisfaction.—Mr. Ryder's Sir Harry was charming—Mr. Gates was a very conceited actor; all his faults and oddities ſerved but to heighten the extravagance of my Lord Duke—Mr. Heaton's Phillip as well as ſuch a part could be done, and he was a very good actor in all the dry clowns,

clodpoles, &c.—Miſs Phillips (aunt to the preſent Mrs. Jordan) our heroine, who was alſo of a conceited turn, though ſenſible and well educated, made the part of Lady Bab better than any other actreſs I ever ſaw attempt it.—Myſelf, from obſervation and youth, muſt have been ſtupid indeed not to have been a very good Jemmy, the *country boy*; and as the great perſonage always appears laſt in triumphal entries and proceſſions—ſo in Kitty, Mrs. Abington advanced; the whole circle were in ſurpriſe and rapture, each aſking the other how ſuch a treaſure could have poſſibly been in Dublin, and in almoſt a ſtate of obſcurity; ſuch a jewel was invaluable, and their own taſtes and judgments they feared would juſtly be called in queſtion, if this daughter of Thalia was not immediately taken by the hand and diſtinguiſhed as her certain and ſtriking merit demanded.

The ſame farce was repeated the week following, with the Orphan of China, Feb. 21; Zamti, Mr. Wilkinſon, which I had before acted, and had been well received in the character.——The Crow-ſtreet managers advertiſed againſt it, that they had dreſſes preparing in London which were to be ſent over, and intimating Mr. Murphy, the author, would follow to ſee it rehearſed; to which Mr. Brown replied in the following paragraph:

"The Orphan of China, being a tragedy not any way difficult or myſterious to thoſe who do not require to be parroted in their parts, we can aſſure the public that it is now in perfect readineſs, and will be performed this evening at the theatre in Smock-alley, without the aſſiſtance of the author: For as plays are ſometimes revived long after the writer's deceaſe, what would become of them in a theatre where it is found eſſentially neceſſary for the poet to attend the latter rehearſals? And, as to the dreſſes, neither the Chineſe or Tartar are abſolutely unknown in Ireland; therefore, it is hoped, it will not be objected as a fault, that we have not gone to London either for deſign or materials."

Mandane was acted by Miſs Ibbott—a lady of merit in ſpeaking blank verſe. There was 150l. in the houſe the ſecond night of High Life, and it went off, if poſſible, with more eclat than on the firſt repreſentation, and Abington reſounded in all parts of the theatre. I remember the ſecond night of High Life, Mrs. Abington ſaid to me (with great propriety) "Good God, Mr. Wilkinſon! what could provoke you to blunder ſo? why ſhould you think of a tragedy when you had reaſon to expect ſo fine a houſe, as the company are not equal to the performance?" Certainly her being ſo noticed in Kitty would, in ſpeculation,

have been materially bettered with that lady in a leading character in comedy; the houſe would have felt much injured and diminiſhed in profit had half price been taken, but it neither was then, nor ever ſince has been, the cuſtom to take under full price in Dublin.——I had a ſtrong party made again by my friends, which, with Mrs. Abington's name, ſettled the buſineſs to my advantage; but I told her my reaſon for taking a tragedy was ſolely that its gravity might aid and give ſpirit when the new farce came on: The truth was, I wanted to entertain myſelf with acting Mr. Garrick's part of the Chineſe Zamti, in which I was ſo fortunate as actually to pleaſe beyond mediocrity, though dreſſed in an old red damaſk bed gown, which was what we termed the *ſtock bed gown* for Brabantio and many other parts, and had for time immemorial been of that venerable uſe, and bore the marks of many years faithful ſervitude.

I was certainly lucky in my two nights anſwering with ſuch ſwimming ſucceſs, and more fortunate ſtill, when I inform the reader, twenty-four hours after would have given the laſt night a ſevere blow, and greatly prejudiced it; for the next day, not only an alarm was received, but ſeveral expreſſes arrived, that Thurot had actually landed at Carrickfergus. This of courſe cauſed the ar-

my to march by beat of drum inſtantly, to give immediate aſſiſtance and repel the invaders; and it naturally occaſioned a general panic and confuſion, and was the topic of univerſal converſation throughout the city of Dublin: Even the Abington that day was not mentioned.——It quickly ſubſided, and Monſ. Thurot made an unfortunate retreat, as ſtands on well-known record.

High Life below Stairs was perpetually acted, and with never-failing ſucceſs.—In ten days after its being performed, *Abington's cap* was ſo much the taſte with the ladies of faſhion and ton, that there was not a milliner's ſhop-window, great or ſmall, but was adorned with it, and in large letters ABINGTON appeared to attract the paſſers by. This Abington-rage Woodward endeavoured to ſuppreſs by ridicule, not here fit to be deſcribed, but all to little, or rather to no purpoſe, for her reputation as an actreſs daily increaſed, though on the remote ground of an unfaſhionable ill-ſupported theatre.

I have neglected to mention the play of Barbaroſſa at Crow-ſtreet, on Monday, January 28:—Achmet, Mr. Moſſop; Barbaroſſa, Mr. Sowden; and Zaphira, Mrs. Fitzhenry.—After which was performed, (in two acts) a new comedy called the Minor.—The principal characters by Mr. *Woodward*, Mr. Jefferſon, Mr. Sowden, Mr. Vernon,

Mr. Walker, Miſs *White*, and Mr. Foote; which piece had, during Mr. Foote's whole reſidence, been conſtantly puffed in the papers, and great things were expected from it, as he himſelf had been acting and repeating all the beſt ſtrokes at every table wherever he was invited, or on whatever parties he was engaged. His connexions were faſhionable and extenſive, and this long converſation of the Minor promiſed great matters;—the houſe was full. It was then only produced as a little comedy of two acts—Smirk, the auctioneer, was not then inſerted, though he had talked much about it, and told many ſtories of Mr. Langford, whom he aimed the character at.—Dr. Squintum's Whitfieldian epilogue was not wrote.—The other ſcenes were much the ſame as when produced at the Haymarket the ſummer following—nor was there the now printed introduction.——Shift, Mr. Foote did me the honour to write as a ſatire on me, which part he acted ſo as to convey to the audience that Wilkinſon was the perſon whom he deſcribes thus (ſpeaking as Shift):

Shift. You muſt know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raiſe the nobleſt ſtructures from the ſimpleſt foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-ſhop an empreſs, and many a prime miniſter from nothing at all, has thought fit to raiſe me to my preſent height,

from the humble employment of "Light your honour," a link boy.

Sir William Wealthy. A pleaſant fellow!—— Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newſpapers, between an illuſtrious lamplighter, and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher—"Cat's meat and dog's meat! Hearts, liver, lights, or a good ſheep's heart!"—I dare ſay you have heard my mother, Sir?—But as to this happy pair I owe little beſides my being, I ſhall drop them where they dropt me—in the ſtreets. My firſt knowledge of the world I owe to a ſchool which has produced many a great man, the avenues of the playhouſe. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguiſhed link, I learned dexterity from pickpockets, connivance from conſtables, politics and faſhions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promiſe from their maſters. "Here, ſirrah! light me acroſs the kennel."—"I hope your Honour will remember poor Jack."—"You ragged raſcal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I ſee you."—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that next time I ſaw as ſeldom as his tradeſmen.

Sir William. Very well.

Shift. To theſe accompliſhments from without the theatre, I muſt add one that I obtained within.

Sir William. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. I moved the compaſſion of one of the performers, a whimſical man, he took me into his ſervice.—My maſter was remarkably happy in an art which however diſeſteemed at preſent, is by Tully reckoned among the perfections of an orator—mimicry.

Sir William. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift?

Shift. A ſmattering.—But as I was ſaying, Sir, nothing came amiſs to my maſter. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; all were objects of his imitations, and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this learned profeſſor, I ſtudied and ſtarved, impoveriſhed my body, and pampered my mind; till thinking myſelf pretty near equal to my maſter, *I made him one of his own bows, and ſet up for myſelf.*

All this part went off very well, as they ſoon felt the joke, laughed and applauded; nor did I diſlike it myſelf, quite the contrary; for had I been really as deſcribed, it was not my fault, I could not have helped it. His Tranſfer's ſcene went

off but very ſo, ſo; and Mrs. Cole, by Mr. Woodward, very bad indeed: for though great entertainment was expected from him, and he was dreſſed with the utmoſt pains and ſtudy, an article to which he paid much attention and conſideration, yet his performance completely d——d the farce; he could not but with the utmoſt difficulty obtain permiſſion to finiſh the part, it gave great diſguſt; he lolled out his tongue and played ſome tricks to help it, which only added to its damnation.——Mr. Woodward having Mrs. Cole only to act, made the dreſſing of that beldam much more complete than any other actor could do who had Shift and the other parts to equip and then dreſs again, and it had that advantage on his firſt entrance: but all favour ſoon vaniſhed; for when Mrs. Cole complained of her rheumatiſm, his manner was thought indecent by the gentlemen, and all the ladies ſeemed offended with the character itſelf. Mr. Foote gave it out for ſome future evening with conſiderable alterations, but it was not attempted again, nor did he play, I believe, after his benefit, Feb. 11. He acted on ſhares, and was ſo ſurrounded with Mr. Macklin, and the other performers of ſtrength, that the expedition was by no means profitable to him. The locality of the piece was one reaſon that cauſed its unhappy fate,

and another was, it had not the London faſhion. So the Minor was turned out deſtitute of friends and fortune.—That piece was then condemned in Dublin, though ſupported by great actors; but in a few months after, in London, raiſed its head, and did wonders.

From dear Dublin and good friends I took my farewell early in March, and left Mrs. Abington going on in full career to reach the pinnacle, where ſhe has many years ſat ſmiling, and been looked at and admired with ſincere pleaſure and reſpect by the firſt perſons in both the kingdoms: At that juncture ſhe had many diſadvantages to ſtruggle with, ſuch as the encountering Barry's, Woodward's, Moſſop's, Fitzhenry's, and Dancer's benefit nights at Crow-ſtreet, which ſummonſes the Dublin world obeyed; and Smock-alley, which had ſometimes by luck her attractions and chance benefits, &c. dragged on per force, but on the ides of March was on the verge of a certain downfall.—Plays were thus acted then in Crow-ſtreet: The Orphan.—Caſtalio, Mr. Barry; Chamont, Mr. Moſſop; Polydore, Mr. Dexter; Monimia, Mrs. Dancer; and all the other characters well dreſſed and ſupported, as may be ſuppoſed, by referring to the liſt of the company, with the advantage of new ſcenery, a new and elegant theatre, &c.——

All for Love.—Marc Antony, Mr. Barry; Dolabella, Mr. Jefferson; Ventidius, Mr. Moſſop; Octavia, Mrs. Dancer; Cleopatra, Mrs. Fitzhenry.—Alexander the Great caſt in the ſame manner.——Comedies, with Woodward, Macklin, Mrs. Kennedy, Vernon, &c. with the perſons juſt mentioned: So that, take it all together, it was equal to any company I ever ſaw in London, and much better than I have frequently ſeen there: Though the old houſe was ſinking rapidly, had not Mrs. Abington by her ſtrength of arm upheld it; yet it was indeed reſtored to its ancient dignity and family honours for one joyful happy night of ecſtacy, and that was no leſs than on the enjoyment of The Abington, at what might truly be called *her own night.*

A ſtrange play for Mrs. Abington to chuſe it was! A New Way to pay Old Debts, March 17; but ſhe made amends by other performances that evening: On which occaſion the old, the young, the gay, all bowed at her ſhrine, as the temple of Thalia, ſuch aſcendancy had ſhe thus quickly acquired over the public opinion.—This attachment towards the latter end of the ſeaſon did not ceaſe with the million; for, it is true, to attend the falling theatre was grown a great *bore*; yet ſtill anguiſhing for Abington, and wiſhing to ſee her

on a better cultivated and good promiſing ſoil for her merit to be nouriſhed and matured by a perpetual ſunſhine, a party of leading perſons propoſed her acting a few nights at Crow-ſtreet before the theatrical campaign cloſed; gave aſſurance of patronage on her nights of performance, and on a clear night being promiſed and fixed for Mrs. Abington in return for her ſupport to the manager's nights, ſhe complied with their deſire.

Mrs. Abington had not any occaſion to requeſt this change of place or accumulation of honours, as they were not owing to ſolicitation on her part, but the perſons of diſtinction were ſtimulated to this deſire by their eagerneſs to ſatisfy themſelves by ſeeing the new favourite tranſplanted amidſt the gaudy flowers of Crow-ſtreet, where they did not doubt but ſhe would ſoon gain a ſtate of diſtinction, whenever the artiſts of theatrical floriſts met to ſignalize, diſtinguiſh, and decide the claims to the prizes when they ſcrutinized on the play-houſe auriculas and the gaudy tulips.

All that was contracted for by the perſons of quality for the managers and Mrs. Abington was, I believe, ſtrictly abided by, faithfully executed, and anſwered to the infinite ſatisfaction of all parties. The perſons of lead and faſhion were entertained and paid for their purchaſe of choice, not compulſion; the managers got money—Mrs.

Abington had a ſurpriſing and magnificent audience at her benefit—ſo I can gueſs they were all pleaſed :—Not that I would venture to pronounce all were entirely ſatisfied, for there never can be great promotion at the real court, or behind the theatrical curtain, but it muſt and will affect and hurt the minds of thoſe concerned. A lord diſappointed of his court expectation ſeldom (I will not ſay never) rejoices at the preference given to another : So the actor or actreſs, buoyed up with the pleaſing tide of ſucceſs, muſt be alarmed when he or ſhe not only hears, but feels the treading of the kibe by a courtier or new-raiſed favourite.

It not only is galling, but more is really to be ſaid for it than is always allowed : that merit ſhould be cheriſhed and raiſe its head, is a firſt principle and duty from the audience and the manager; but when conſidered as a leſſening of pride and income to another, it is a ſerious matter to the SOUL ſo piqued, nor are any minds ſo ſoon hurt on the leaſt frivolous occaſions as thoſe of the theatre ; and ſometimes it happens a phænomenon really ſtarts up.—Mrs. Jordan, four years ago only, playing at York at 1l. 11s. 6d. per week, was thought really very clever by London performers who ſaw her there, but all ſaid it would not do among them ; yet by great luck, great good fortune indeed, and to be for an hundred

years at leaſt remembered in theatrical annals, ſhe in two years afterwards made even the London managers dread her frown, her non-compliance, her elopement, her tooth-ach, or her any phantom of horror which ſhe has threatened them with, to the terror of Tragedy itſelf, and made them comply with the moſt exorbitant terms.—A happy lot indeed! A happy riſe!—I hope it will laſt her life, and with care make her career ſucceſsful, as it has ſo providentially and wonderfully begun.

Mrs. Jordan is certainly the lucky child of Fortune, lulled, careſſed, and nurſed in the lap of Nature: ſhe is undoubtedly the reigning Thalia of the age 1790, and deſervedly ſo; and to her comic talents, archneſs, whim, and fancy, I ſubmiſſively bow, and alſo acknowledge her humanity and goodneſs to her late parent:—But am compelled, as Mr. Manager, to declare, like Mr. Foote in his Devil upon Two Sticks, (as greatneſs knows itſelf) that Mrs. Jordan, at making a bargain, is too many for the cunningeſt devil of us all.

Speaking of Mrs. Abington's merit, in the comic line, occaſioned my introducing Mrs. Jordan's name at the ſame time; and as I cannot yet quit Mrs. Abington's ſituation, whom I left at her great benefit in Dublin, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed,

from her being ſo happily tranſplanted, that ſhe derived many advantages from playing with Mr. Woodward, Mr. Macklin, and other regulars; nor was Mr. Woodward a loſer, but a gainer by the acquiſition to his ſtage; as Mrs. Abington rebounded the ball equal to the force with which Woodward ſtruck it.——But now another irkſome matter aroſe in conſequence of her ſucceſs; where our paſſions or partialities are predominant, it is not always reaſon can be liſtened to or obeyed. It was very apparent, from motives of policy and ſound judgment that Mrs. Abington ſhould be engaged on the moſt eligible terms, otherwiſe they could not hope ſuch a riſing actreſs would article. To this Woodward did not heſitate, as it aſſiſted his comedies, and an agreement was ſettled for the following winter. But when it is conſidered Mrs. Dancer then played all the principal characters in comedy as well as in tra edy, it made the ſea of Crow-ſtreet troubled; the waves that looked calm turned to rough breakers, and the open ſea to riſe and threaten a ſtorm: for when thoſe ladies acted in the ſame plays, as in the Lady's Laſt Stake, Mrs. Dancer played Mrs. Conqueſt, Mrs. Abington Miſs Notable; (by the bye, Mrs. Jordan, why have you neglected Miſs Notable!)—In Love for Love, Angelica, Mrs. Dancer; Miſs Prue, Mrs. Abington; and many

other plays where they were often mutually concerned, and sometimes where Mrs. Abington was the rival Fine Lady, which some plays admit, where the parts are of equal consequence. Miss Notable and Miss Prue, from the archness and excellent acting of Mrs. Abington, seemed to have the decision at the winning post for fame; but I must observe, those comic characters will ever, when well supported, obtain the loud applause, however well acted Mrs. Conquest and Angelica may be by any actresses whatever, as the hoydens are so well caculated for what we term *stage effect*.

This division of hands from the upper and lower part of the house, it was not likely Mrs. Dancer (as queen of the theatre) could relish or gulp down by any means to make the Abington pleasing or agreeable. This proved, and grew offensive to Mr. Barry, as he was then as passionate an inamorato as ever youthful poet fancied when he loved, and would have thrown immediate bars to the engagement with Mrs. Abington, and greatly impeded her rapid good fortune, had not a sudden and important matter of astonishment at that time started up to the amazement of every faculty of eyes, ears, &c. for Barry and Woodward, lulled in their long wished for security, became the dupes of their own

arts, and made the wandering prodigal (Woodward) begin ſeriouſly to reflect, and ſeverely repent his fooliſh conduct in leaving his enviable ſituation in London, and above all the horror of loſing what he had ſaved with ſo much care. This dreadful alarm was no leſs than the certainty of a report being confirmed as real, which at firſt they treated as unlikely, vague, and impoſſible; but it proved ſtrictly true, that Mr. Moſſop from the encouragement and inſtigation of all his friends, and patronized by the Counteſs of Brandon, of powerful ſway, with many leaders of faſhion, had certainly taken Smock-alley theatre on a long leaſe, purpoſing many expenſive and gaudy alterations, &c. to oppoſe Crow-ſtreet, in the month of October the enſuing ſeaſon. Barry and Woodward (to prevent if poſſible this dreadful undertaking) made him liberal offers; nay, even humbled themſelves before him, to intreat Moſſop to name his own terms. All this only increaſed his pride, and he ſpurned at every kindneſs or emolument, ſubmitted to his acceptance and conſideration: they even offered him one thouſand pounds Engliſh, and two benefits whenever he choſe to take them; but all would not do, though they certainly would have been loſers by his acceptance: but their ſituation was deſperate; therefore all they could do was right,

if by any means they could have effectually prevented ſuch an oppoſition: Moſſop's pride and obſtinacy was however bent on monarchy, and ſo he was the cauſe of mutual ruin; but he at laſt ſuffered in a peculiar degree of puniſhment.

He had ſaved a decent fortune, and by the abſence of Barry, could have commanded a firſt ſtation in London at either theatre, whenever he pleaſed, or wiſhed a change from Dublin; but his pride was predominant over reaſon, ſo he proſtrated fame, fortune, health, and peace of mind, headlong at the ſhrine of vanity, where ſycophants hailed him with ſongs of triumph in full chorus, but his feſtal days were few, and not to be envied.

To look over this, it ſeems as if I meant to write a hiſtory of the Iriſh ſtage, for which I am by no means competent: My only reaſon for inſerting all theſe fluctuating chances here, is to make it plain in the courſe of my narrative, what was the ground-work for my changes of ſituation in the ſeveral places, on my repeated viſits to Dublin in particular. And to any lady or gentleman unacquainted with ſtage affairs, they will be better able to judge, by being thus brought into a little acquaintance with matters of fact.

Barry and Woodward on this act of hoſtility being put into actual force, were from neceſſity glad

to ſecure Mrs. Abington; and I do ſuppoſe, however ſhe might fear foul play from Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer, thought Woodward to act with was a great point, much better than being at Moſſop's new theatre, without ſuch a partner to ſupport her; Moſſop being out of her walk, and Woodward the Comedian: ſhe therefore depended on his intereſt and candour for her conſequence in the comic line. Mrs. Fitzhenry was alſo ſecured, and by ſo doing they looked upon Mr. Moſſop not ſo formidable, as they knew the ſituation of London had no tragedy woman to ſpare; and Moſſop's whole forte was there only. Moſſop had thought himſelf certain of Mrs. Fitzhenry, as ſhe had not expreſſed herſelf happy or contented with Mrs. Dancer's power; which ſometimes occaſioned little heart burnings and diſcontents: whereas with Moſſop ſhe might have been ſole empreſs.—However Barry ſeeing the danger, turned very complying; and enlarging her terms, with other douceurs, ſhe thought it wiſer to ſtay with Barry and obſerve Moſſop's ſucceſs for a year, and then judge how far it would be prudent to truſt her feet on the ſlippery ways of Smock-alley. Moſſop ſnuffed the air, and breathed hard at Mrs. Fitzhenry's preferring Barry; but hearing how perplexed Mrs. Bellamy's finances were, and in ſuch a deranged ſtate that ſhe could not with ſafety

make her public appearance in London, thought if he could seduce her over to Dublin for the winter, his fortune would be made in a hurry, though at any price. He therefore articled to give her no less than one thousand pounds and two benefits, with a *charte blanch*, to act only what she pleased to fix on.

Mrs. Bellamy had performed Juliet with Mr. Garrick in London, on its first great run, and supported a principal line of characters in both the London theatres. Her benefits were brilliant; so she had fashion and name, with the London currency, to insure her reception, and had been in Dublin when Mr. Sheridan was manager, where Mr. Garrick acted at the same time, and was esteemed their first actress, was looked at as a charming, elegant young woman, and was the universal toast in Ireland, 1747. Her character was also at that juncture respectable, and she was received as a fashionable gentlewoman in several of the first families there. All these points considered, certainly afforded Mossop sufficient grounds to entertain great promise of success; yet this noble fancied structure in one night fell to the ground and lay as neglected rubbish, unless occasionally making use of her best materials; but as to being a substantial support to the theatre, it was merely visionary, and not to be relied on for real services.

Moſſop as a manager made his firſt appearance in Pierre in Venice Preſerved, in November 1760; Belvidera, Mrs. Bellamy, being the firſt night of her performing. Expectation was ſo great, that the houſe filled as faſt as the people could thruſt in, with or without paying. On ſpeaking her firſt line behind the ſcenes——

"Lead me ye virgins, lead me to that kind voice."

It ſtruck the ears of the audience as uncouth and unmuſical; yet ſhe was received, as was prepared and determined by all who were her or Mr. Moſſop's friends, and the public at large, with repeated plaudits on her *entreé*. But the roſes were fled! the young, the once lovely Bellamy was turned haggard! and her eyes that uſed to charm all hearts, appeared ſunk, large, hollow, and ghaſtly.—O time! time! thy glaſs ſhould be often conſulted! for before the ſhort firſt ſcene had elapſed, diſappointment, chagrin, and pity, ſat on every eye and countenance.

Mrs. Bellamy had left Dublin when in her zenith, in May 1748, and did not reviſit it till that November 1760. Moſſop's friends were void of humanity when they thought of his danger; and ſhe that was to do all, inſtead of that, they judged, would do more injury than ſervice

yet she was unavoidably in justice by article, to be paid one thousand pounds, and to have two benefits. By the end of the third act, they were all (like Bobadil) planet struck; the other two acts hobbled through. Mossop was cut to the heart, and never played Pierre (one of his best parts) so indifferently as on that night. The curtain dropped, and poor Bellamy never after drew a single house there. And by her mode of boundless extravagant living she got so deep in debt, that she was often arrested when she was to play, and the audience sometimes obliged to be dismissed. Indeed in her memoirs she mentions her being arrested there herself: which, added to her living publickly with Mr. Digges, though at the same time foolishly wishing it to be understood, that she was wife to Mr. Calcraft, altogether sunk her into universal contempt and insignificance. She left Dublin without a single friend to regret her loss. What a change from the days of her youth! and, as an actress of note, her name never more ranked in any theatre, nor did she ever again rise in public estimation.

Cardinal Wolsey's remarks may be applied equally as an observation to either sex, where he speaks thus:——

> Such is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And,—when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

They might ſerve alſo for Moſſop, who often acted that part, and actually died almoſt periſhing for want at Chelſea, without common neceſſaries, food, or clothing, and was carried to his place of reſt, without leaving the means of payment for his burial rites.

Alas! poor Moſſop and Bellamy! may you reſt in peace, and prove an awful, uſeful leſſon, which ſhews that their own errors, and not the rod of God brought on their miſeries and dreadful end. Moſſop on his death-bed might truly ſpeak as the Cardinal, and ſurely Wolſey could not have been prouder, and that pride he never loſt but with his laſt breath——

——I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.

Thus poor Bellamy, who once lolled in her

chair, and rolled in her chariot and all the vanities of the world, ended her days in a prison.

Mr. Moſſop and Mrs. Bellamy once followed and admired, fell equal victims to the griping hand of penury, without one friendly hand to cloſe their eye lids. Indeed a clergyman of Chelſea, at his own expence paid for his *poor* coffin, and kindly performed his funeral rites.—This conveys a leſſon to myſelf and every one: That friend in need (MONEY) is the trueſt, and prevents a deſertion of thoſe we term ſuch: for while there is any thing in hand to give, there will always be ſome kind attendant ready to take; But diſtreſs, like *lending* money, is too often the loſs of friends, and the triumph and contempt of enemies, who had envied the proſperity, even though that proſperity had beſtowed favours on their own wants. There I am grieved to obſerve (to the diſgrace of human feelings) ſuch hardened minds as will exultingly triumph over the miſeries of thoſe from whom they have been even cheriſhed and ſupported; and may well make the unfortunate bitterly reflect, like Jane Shore, that——

Thoſe who bleſſed, *now* curſe me to my face.

Alſo like what Lear expreſſes——

Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to it?

And ſurely to aggravate the diſtreſſed and deſtitute, is little better than a knave or villain's office.

Certainly had I been provident of what I had accumulated, it would have proved by this time like a tontine, a decent independent income; yet I have not been ſingular, as the wiſe, and truly cautious, careful Woodward, was guilty of the ſame imprudence, and ſpoke his public recantation as the prodigal returned.

The late anecdotes relative to the once glittering and ſplendid appearance of the great and proud Moſſop, and the unthinking, pompous, vain, and fooliſh Bellamy, have occaſioned in my reverie the recollection of a fatal fair one, who in her time of luxury and affluence muſt be to this day ſtill well remembered by many. I mean the greatly admired, followed, and once celebrated Lucy Cooper; and few (if any) are exempt from woe. Her faults and frailties were ſo numberleſs, that the ſtrictly rigorous, armed with virtuous auſterity, would perhaps wiſh ſuch a wretch (as they will diſdainfully term that poor unfortunate) to be wiped from the annals of remembrance, and not allow any trait to be retained; but let ſuch very good perſons bleſs God for their uncommon lot of ſuperabundant goodneſs, relax a little from their ſeverity, return

thanks for their *heaven-like* ſuperiority, and permit a drop of pity to fall as a tribute to that late forlorn, well known character.

Lucy Cooper, from the year 1756 till 1767, was as great a toaſt as can be remembered in the court of Comus, and ſhe herſelf was the firſt Bacchant of the age. Her company, when in the gay circle ſhe preſided at the ſocial board, abſolutely gave inſpiration to each flowing ſoul; as in point of good ſenſe, combined with wit and humour, if ſhe did not ſurpaſs, ſhe was certainly equal as a *bon vivant* to any perſon of either ſex that I ever remember. Her faults, it is true, were numberleſs, and I fear weigh heavy in the ſcale; but truth can more than a little balance, and counterpoiſe the other ſide with generoſity, friendſhip, feeling, attended by boundleſs charity and humanity. Surely ſuch qualities will more than a little preponderate with the truly religious good mind and conſiderate diſpoſition? I have often regretted for her miſeries; for when ſubſiſtence had fled, and her charms for mankind had ſatiated, her good became neglected and forgotten, as it had never been. I was grieved when ſhe was relieved by death, that ſhe was not permitted to linger a little longer here on earth, in her abode of ſorrow, penance, penitence, and affliction, merely to have gra-

tified my own ſelf-love, and to have proved my true regard and eſteem for her real worth. Lucy Cooper was in the early part of her life, elegantly provided for by the late Sir Orlando Bridgeman, whoſe ſettlement ſhe in a pet threw into the fire. Indeed had that not been the caſe, there is too much reaſon to ſuggeſt, it would ſoon have had ſome fatal and unthinking finiſh, as prudence was not in Lucy's catalogue of perfections, and never viſited her bedſide until it was too late to help her on this ſide the grave. Little hiſtories are introduced even in works of ſterling merit, I therefore here need not apologiſe for this ſhort introduction relative to the elegant, though not the beautiful Lucy Cooper.

As the pen of nature will ſpeak for itſelf far more forcibly and ſuperior to that of art, I will requeſt permiſſion to inſert one or two letters from that frail object—they cannot offend the chaſteſt peruſer; but will be a leſſon to thoſe at preſent probably deviating from rectitude, and plunging in riot, debauchery, and extravagance; and alſo afford ſatisfaction to thoſe who are ſtill ſurviving, and remember that the ſaid Lucy Cooper, who was once the lively, the ſpirited, and in many reſpects, the amiable and ineſtimable.

LETTER I.

To TATE WILKINSON, *Esq;*

"THIS morning at ten I had the pleasure of "your letter, and am happy to find my dear friend "Tate has still a thought to bestow on such an "unfortunate being as Lucy Cooper; not one "except yourself of all my acquaintance has sent "near me since I have been here, which is up-"wards of five months. Now I know you are "in town, I shall think every day an age until I "see you; therefore, if you do not come soon, "I shall think you only meant your letter to mor-"tify me. As bad as this place is I can get you "something that you will like for dinner, therefore "hope when you do come, you will oblige me "with as much of your company as is convenient "to yourself. I cannot entertain you with India "bonds as I once did; and to hear my distresses, "I flatter myself will be disagreeable to my good "friend Tate; so for that day, I will set aside all "reflection, and only think how I can make such "a place as this agreeable to one who I shall "ever retain the greatest sense of gratitude and "sincere friendship for. Dear Snub, yours,

"LUCY COOPER."

P. S "Do not make any ceremony—you will "be sure to find me at home."

King's Bench, Jan. 5, 1769.

From her misery in the King's Bench prison, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, not to be described, and those difficulties accompanied with variety of wretchedness, by the assistance of a very FEW remaining friends, she was released; but they soon in general deserted her, and many not without upbraidings.—O summer friendship! whose flattering leaves that shadowed us in our prosperity, with the least gust drop off in the autumn of adversity.

The following year, 1770, this afflicted unfortunate one was immersed (if possible) in a more deplorable situation, surrounded by illness, woe, and calamity, as the following will fully ascertain, and I prophecy will give a twinge to the soul of sensibility.

LETTER II.

To TATE WILKINSON, *Esq*;

"SOME few days ago, I heard my dear friend "was in town, and have much wondered at my "not seeing you—sure I have not lost your friend-"ship, which always made me happy! I know "your goodness of heart too well to suppose it is "because I am distrest:—Oh, dear Tate! God "only knows what I have suffered for this last "month past, confined to my bed without any "one to assist me; every thing, even to my bed

" gown, gone to ſupport life, *which I am afraid is* " *of ſhort duration.* In ſhort, my mind is as " much diſordered as my body; for it is hard when " I think how much I have had it in my power, " to be ſo reduced as I am: I hope I ſhall ſee you " before you leave town—I am ſure the ſight of " you will enliven me; for as bad as I am at this " time, I think I can find ſtrength to laugh a " little bit with you.—

" I am, your much obliged,

Bow-ſtreet, " humble ſervant,

Jan. 20, 1770. " L. COOPER."

I truſt the wiſe Diſpoſer of our brittle clay tenements permitted, in her laſt moments, a forgiving angel to ſpeak peace to her ſad heart; and that ſhe, by the remiſſion of ſin, has partook of that bliſs, graciouſly promiſed to the ſinner that gives joy in heaven over ninety and nine by true repentance.—Caliſta's lines may here, without impropriety, be quoted as her epitaph, had ſhe a tomb ſtone—

That fatal form, which drew on thy undoing,
Faſting, and tears, and hardſhips did deſtroy,
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort did you know,
Nor ought that could continue hated life:
Thus when we view thee meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at thy length, and dying in thy cave,
Let each good mind relent, and ſighing ſay,
At length thy tears have waſhed thy ſtains away,

At length 'twas time thy puniſhment ſhould ceaſe,
Reſt then poor ſuff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

As one grave ſtory and reflection leads the mind to another, and as moralizing is not to me very habitual, I will haſten from the ſubject, mount my hobby, and once again chat on ſtage matters.

I perceive, that being under the neceſſity of mentioning many excellent performers, it is very tireſome, in ſo many pages, to read the words much applauſe, great applauſe, much approbation, acclamations, ſhouts, with a long liſt of *etceteras*. I have therefore dropped my pen, and looked into many good authors and morning-papers for more various means of expreſſion, ſo as to make it more palatable, if poſſible, to the reader; but I find in all theatrical books and papers thoſe conſtant repetitions, with this difference, many of thoſe ſtage critiques have judgment and genius, of which I lament my being ſo deſtitute; ſo, kind reader, take the will for the deed: And though I have made the remark, I find my fingers tingle to be again at ſome *monſtrous* applauſe, aſtoniſhing, charming, delightful or amazing performer. I will begin again with the great man, *Wilkinſon*, as the hero of the book, and remark, though I troubled the reader with my Dublin account till ſome time in Mr. Moſſop's firſt winter ſeaſon as manager in 1760, yet I muſt recur to myſelf when I was

ſtepping into the packet for Holyhead early in March 1760, previous to the occurrences mentioned, moſt part happening after 1760, and left the following note a few days before for Williamſon's Univerſal Advertiſer, and Mr. George Falkner's Dublin Journal.

"Mr. Wilkinſon's ſpeedy call to London prevents his waiting on the nobility and gentry to return them his acknowledgments for the ſignal marks of favour and approbation with which they have honoured his attempts to pleaſe. He can but in this manner beg they will accept of them, hoping, that with more experience he may hereafter be able to entertain them in a manner more equal to the elegance of their taſte."

I got to London with my pockets well lined; my worthy mother was as rejoiced to ſee me as if I had returned from the perils of an Eaſt-India voyage. I ſoon went to court, (Mr. Garrick's court) paid my homage to my patron, and returned him his twenty guineas, which I ſoon repented of, and do honeſtly declare it is the only act like a fraud I ever could have pardoned in myſelf; but I wiſh I had not paid him ſo haſtily, as I afterwards had a full right to have retained it as my own:—he ſeemed really glad to ſee me, and wiſhed me joy a thouſand times.

On the Saturday of the ſecond week, after I had announced my return from my granted furlough, I of courſe was ready to mount guard, had my general ordered me to do ſo. I had his own prepared article in force, and was not a deſerter, but honourably returned before my full leave of abſence had expired. On my bow to the treaſurer, demanding my enormous ſalary, and aſking for only one week as due after being two in town, to my aſtoniſhment he refuſed my pittance: I urged my article, ſaw Mr. Garrick, and ſpoke to him on the buſineſs:—He ſaid, he had more than paid my ſalary in permitting me to viſit Ireland, and again refuſed payment as in 1758. I found altercation would not anſwer any purpoſe, and that it was in vain to perſiſt, though in fact it was, in plain Engliſh, a cheating, low, mean trick, unworthy not only Mr. Garrick in his elevated ſituation, but muſt be judged ungenerous, mean, and diſhoneſt between man and man, unbleſſed with his abilities, genius, and fortune. But where avarice is the ground-work of the mind it will ſtoop beneath itſelf to gratify ſelf-love.———

> But little rogues muſt ſuffer fate,
> That great ones may enjoy their ſtate.

For this fixed refuſal of Mr. Garrick's there could be no remedy, as law would be a hazardous ex-

periment for a young actor; which, if I had haſtily attempted, he would have prevented my immediate compliance with the article, but then, when enraged, he would have obliged me to appear in a menial ſtation, or forfeited all the ſalary; ſo that I muſt have loſt my periodical payment ſtill, or have paid ſeverely indeed for it, by working as his negroe ſlave till the end of May, and that he well knew. Good God! was it worth his while to expoſe ſuch narrow principles, and ſacrifice all his avowed regard, for ſuch a paltry ſum!—As to my aſſertions, I ſuppoſe his books are in preſervation, and curioſity might be ſatisfied.

After being deprived of my ſalary I met Mr. Garrick in Covent-Garden, not having admittance in his houſe, he being always denied; and at the theatre he hardly knew me, I had behaved ſo ill by aſking for my ſalary to *ruin* him, *poor man!* When I told him that I had ſpoke to the prompter to know when my benefit-night was to be fixed, but had received no anſwer, he ſtood gazing, and like Lady Pentweazle, called up a look, not with one eye only, but with two piercers, meaning to intimidate me by his dignity, which might have had the deſired effect two years before that encounter, but not then. At laſt he ſaid, he was aſtoniſhed at the unexpected abſurdity as well as the unreaſonableneſs of the requeſt, and that the

buſineſs of the theatre was ſo arranged it could not be; but, to cut ſhort all intercourſe on the ſubject, he concluded with ſaying, he would not comply with it: and here I muſt obſerve was injuſtice, merely for fear I ſhould add to the little ſtock I had ſecured much againſt his wiſhes, and he hoped by my being idle in London, and not receiving any ſalary, I ſhould make it fly as quickly as a ſailor does his money on a return from a voyage, and then be more within the falcon's reach. Now my benefit was very material to me, as I knew I ſhould be favoured with a very good one, though in May, and duty to myſelf made me ſerious with him; I therefore boldly told him that I ſhould make my loſs of ſalary and benefit one buſineſs in a court of juſtice, and charge my benefit at 200l.; which added to the breach of article would not be leſs than two or three hundred more, and would be a good compenſation, and added, with a bow and a ſmile, I could not wiſh for a better banker to to draw upon—what I ſpoke was truth. He then humm'd and haw'd, and ſaid, "Why really now, why, Tate, why now you are d——d ridiculous!" and he walked me into Varney's, the houſe-keeper's room at the theatre, and ſent for Croſs: Mr. Lacey was alſo there, and they ſettled my benefit for Saturday the 3d of May, and deſired Mr. Fox, whom Mr. Lacey ſaid he had a great regard

for, might bring in tickets to ſuch a ſum as he ſpecified:—I agreed to the requeſt. The Mr. Fox I mention lives in Bow-ſtreet, and I have often from that time to this, at different periods, been obliged to him, and ever found him kind and attentive to ſerve me; and I have heard Mr. Fox (who was then a young ſtage candidate) declare, that he was lucky with his tickets, and pleaſed with Mr. Lacey's deſire and allotment.

The play I fixed on was the Diſtreſſed Mother: Oreſtes, Mr. Wilkinſon; Hermione, Mrs. Yates; Andromache, by a Gentlewoman; with the prologue to the Author, Lady Pentweazle, and the Upholſterer.

The ſame reaſons, as in Dublin, for not giving my imitations proved, that the like policy was neceſſary to be ſtill preſerved, at leaſt for that year of my adventures and theatrical exploits in London.

The gentlewoman I advertiſed for her firſt appearance in Andromache, was no other than the *Mrs. Wier*, whom I have mentioned early in this multifarious hiſtory, where I met (luckily or unluckily, as the Fates will determine) with that good old gentleman, Mr. Baker, manager of the York company in October 1758.

If the reader will honour me with the remembrance ſo long back, of what I fear ſeems not only

trifling but tireſome, he will recollect that I mentioned Mrs. Wier being at that time miſtreſs of a milliner's ſhop near Pall Mall, where I ſaw Mrs. Roach, who boldly, and with the ſpirit of an Amazon, went down to York to ſupply Mrs. Dancer's Lady Townly, Indiana, &c. thinking like Keckſy—*who's afraid!*

This Mrs. Wier had been made miſtreſs of an ample well-furniſhed milliner's ſhop by Sir Francis Delaval, and properly ſupplied with all ſorts of geer for *gentlewomen*, and eke alſo for *gentlemen*: Mrs. Wier's ſhop by no means anſwered, tho' Sir Francis Delaval had not ſpared any expence or recommendation within his power to render it lucrative.

I am bound to ſpeak of this Sir Francis Delaval with reverence and regard, not only for his own partiality and friendſhip, but for the favours I have been formerly honoured with by the whole family, and obligations of the moſt pleaſing kind; not only at Sir Francis's houſe, then bordering on Soho-ſquare, but at Seaton Delaval, a few miles from Newcaſtle: but of that family, of whom I ſpeak ſo warmly, none remains within my knowledge but Lord and Lady Delaval, whom I have had the honour of ſeeing frequently at Sir Francis's. There was no difference in Sir Francis's behaviour whether I ſaw him in London or

farther remote; for many gentlemen wear different faces on seeing an actor in London and seeing him in the country.

Now the milliner's shop, mentioned under the patronage of Sir Francis, not answering in all particulars, and the knight being determined his gentleman's gentlewoman should be quite the thing, took a house for her in Suffolk-street in the Strand, and furnished it as a reception for boarders, that Mrs. Wier might obtain a livelihood. At that house I had the pleasure of often seeing a very sensible, agreeable, well-bred lady, who occupied the first floor, then Mrs. Ford, but after that she had the honour to be Mrs. Colman; but the foe or friend of mankind, call him which we will, (Mr. Death) did not choose to see such an agreeable and tempting companion out of his clutches, but sneeringly and enviously threw his dart, and with one stroke levelled a fair one, lamented by all who knew her.

But even this lodging-house did not altogether answer for Mrs. Wier, or succeed to her expectations in the round of a twelvemonth's vicissitude. She had ever been fond of plays, and on my return from Ireland, seriously requested she might have a stage-trial on my benefit night; this I consented to, and she was to be the Andromache in the Distressed Mother. On that being settled, I,

in three or four days after, received a note from Sir Francis, desiring to see me on particular business in Soho-square: On the afternoon I called it so happened that Mr. Foote was there, with whom I had been on distant terms ever since our breach in March 1759.—This visit was almost immediately after dinner:—Sir Francis expecting me, had desired I might be shewn into another room, knowing his friend Foote's and my antipathy. He instantly came, and laughingly told me, that the business of his note was to inform me he had collected a large party for my benefit; adding, he had a request to make, but must be under the necessity of deferring it till the next day; for, says he, your old friend Foote is in the dining-room, and from your late disagreement I judge it will not be agreeable to either, as the meeting will be awkward; adding, he did not know how to act, unless, Wilkinson, you will let me take you by the hand as my particular friend, and as a supposed stranger? I, like Peter Paragraph, by way of reply said, I could not resist the proposed honour of being introduced as Sir Francis Delaval's particular friend; besides, I added, Mr. Foote had, of all persons in the world, the least right to be angry with me for mimicry, and indeed he had been by me interestedly the obliged person; and Mr. Foote had himself declared on Drury-Lane stage,

that any imitations of himſelf, by Mr. Wilkinſon, were at the ſervice of the public.

So under the ſanction of being Sir Francis's particular gueſt I entered the room where Foote was, and ſeveral other gentlemen; Foote ſeemed hurt at firſt, but after the introduction as propoſed, he behaved with great politeneſs.

As the circling glaſs went round, Mr. Foote grew more cordial and cheerful, and began ſpeaking of tables in the firſt ſtyle of elegance in Ireland and Scotland—that ſeveral noblemen's houſes in both places were ſupported with every luxury that a London table could furniſh: for if London had the ſuperiority in ſome particular articles, the other places had in greater perfection what London could not ſo eaſily purchaſe; which made the equality of good things more upon a level than the Engliſh would readily admit; but to which Sir Francis would not aſſent. And as a trait I have before obſerved in Foote's character when his real beſt friend, Sir Francis Delaval, left the room, where there were not leſs than eight or ten perſons, each of whom he knew would relate again what he ſaid, he burſt out into a loud laugh, and turning to me ſaid, "Wilkinſon! did you ever hear ſuch a hound giving his ſentiments on good tables and living?—Since my return from Ireland," added Foote, "I have had the

mortification to dine here ſix times, and each day a d——d large loin of pork on the table, which he calls a dinner!—By G—d I'll not dine here again theſe three months; for I ſuppoſe he means to run his loin of pork againſt the Beggar's Opera?"—which had been acted a great number of nights at Covent-Garden, Mr. Beard being Macheath; Miſs Brent, the Polly:—It was equal to the firſt run when it came out at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, 1727—when a wit ſaid, that the Beggar's Opera

Made Rich gay,
And Gay rich.

That piece alſo occaſioned a material event: His Grace the Duke of Bolton was irreſiſtibly enſlaved by the Syren Polly (Miſs Fenton); but neither perſuaſion, riches, nor ſettlement, could relax or ſoften the heart of the fair one; in ſhort, nothing leſs could purchaſe her hand and heart than the ſharing his honours as the Ducheſs of Bolton:—to the which he aſſented, and never had cauſe to repent, as ſhe filled every duty of that high ſtation with becoming dignity—as a ducheſs, wife, and mother. Admired by all, ſhe enjoyed her unfaded laurels for many years, as the Bolton family can teſtify.

As to Mr. Foote's remark on the loin of pork, it might be partly true; for though Sir Francis was liberal and extravagant in many points, nicety of food was the laſt thing he ever thought of; if there was but plenty, he never cared for the quality or the luxuries of a table:—and had he actually heard Foote, he would only have laughed at him, and with him; he knew his foibles, and admired all Foote's ſallies of humour that ſo often ſet the table on a roar.

> Where be his gibes now, his flaſhes of merriment?
> Not one now to mock his own grinning:
> Alas! poor Foote!

But Sir Francis was ſo far even with Foote, that he enjoyed a ſtroke againſt him to the full as much as any other perſon:—He would laugh with Foote when acting Cadwalladar, yet was ſuch a miſchievous wag, that he would teaze Mr. A—ce till he was enraged at Foote:—and all this was give-and-take, fair play:—He was fond of tricks with his gueſts who viſited him at Seaton Delaval. Mr. Obrien, on his return from a viſit there, related to me many whimſical frolics which were practiſed with much joke and good humour; and Mr. Obrien told them in ſuch a manner as made the narrative very entertaining,

When Mr. Foote and the reſt of the company departed, Sir Francis detained me in order to relate the requeſt he had hinted at in his note; which was, he ſaid, relative to an alteration of my play: —to change the Diſtreſſed Mother to that of Tamerlane; and that he wiſhed to introduce, inſtead of Mrs. Pritchard, our old friend Mrs. Wier, whoſe welfare he had much concern for, and would inſtruct her in the character of Arpaſia.

Sir Francis Delaval was greatly attached to the drama, ſo much ſo, that it is well remembered, and univerſally known he acted the part of Othello in March 1751, at Drury-Lane theatre, with ladies and gentlemen of faſhion of his acquaintance. Sir Francis's perſon was noble, handſome, and commanding, and very proper to give a ſtriking reſemblance of the Mooriſh General. There is a ſtrong likeneſs of that great patron of the actors and actreſſes at Lord Mexborough's, at Methley near Pontefract. To Lord and Lady Mexborough I am under numerous obligations; I could with pleaſure ſay a great deal more, but were I to expatiate on all I feel for the many perſons to whom I am indebted for favours, it would fill the largeſt book that ever was publiſhed, and furniſh a little library.

Sir John, now Lord Delaval, acted Iago, and was pronounced incomparable in judgment and

diſplay of abilities, and it was allowed by all to be a critical performance of that difficult character. Applauſe on that night's acting need not be mentioned, as the reader may be aſſured it was commanded, and not leſs merited. Sir Francis hired the theatre at a very conſiderable expence, as not only that of a benefit, but the ſuppoſed profits of Mr. Garrick's beſt character for attraction was added to that charge.

The family aided Sir Francis to fill the theatre with their own acquaintance only, which included all the nobility of the three kingdoms then in London, but not any one was admitted without a proper ticket from Sir Francis or his brothers, who had calculated the number the theatre would contain, and that without diſtinction of places to prevent offence: and in conſequence, when the beſt places were occupied, the upper gallery was as brilliant with ſtars and garters as the boxes and pit below.

The rehearſals were (I have been told) entirely conducted by my good friend Macklin; Sir Francis held that genleman in high eſteem as his private confidential friend; and when he alluded to the teaching Mrs. [illegible]ier Arpaſia, he added, Macklin had promiſed to aſſiſt him, which free opinion collectively made me obeiſant.

I mention, or rather introduce here the more readily, theſe theatrical circumſtances of Sir Francis Delaval, to account for his ſtage furor in teaching Mrs. Wier the character of Arpaſia, who had many claims on his kindneſs to inſtruct her:————We muſt conſider ſhe was the *wife* of one Wier, who had ſerved him faithfully for many years, and had ever aſſiſted Sir Francis in his various attachments; for no ſooner was one ſcheme accompliſhed but he was on the wing for another.—So Wier was never idle, but was an induſtrious ſervant; and it might be ſaid truly of him that he always had his hands full, and was kept in perpetual employment.

I had not any objection to her playing Arpaſia, and he gave me a genteel order for three ſide-boxes; for which he paid moſt liberally, and appointed two or three dozen of his friends to go into the pit.

When the night came there was a very brilliant audience; my own friends were numerous—Lady Granard, Lady Tyrawley, Mrs. Skelton, Lord Verney, were all there, and filled their ſeparate boxes. Mrs. Wier was well received, as is generally the caſe with young performers from the candour of a London audience; but ſhe was languid, timid, and barely reached mediocrity, tho' not by any means laughable or offenſively ridicu-

lous; indeed she began her stage career too late in life, being at that time, as near as I can guess, thirty-five or thirty-six years of age:—She wanted animation and expression for Arpasia. But she has quitted these earthly realms of abode, and has followed her Moneses, and left me, her Bajazet, to bemoan her loss.

This benefit, which I obtained from Garrick with difficulty, proved a very great and pleasing addition to my accumulating funds.

The theatre closed in May, and I, without seeing Mr. Garrick, having then obtained my freedom by the expiration of my article that had existed from October 1757, set off once more on a journey to Portsmouth, where I expected open arms to receive me, but was in my expectations disappointed: for though my friends were as usual glad to see me, the players were quite the reverse. The acting what parts, and reviving what plays I pleased, they represented, in strong terms, as very great innovations on the rules and orders established in their society or common-wealth; as many useful members on that account had withdrawn themselves in disgust, greatly to the prejudice of their business in general.—The Hermoine, Mrs. Daly, expressed herself as greatly injured by my having introduced Miss Morrison and Miss White the year before, who had acted several of her favourite

characters. She thus harangued me: — The one, she said, had torn from her royal brows and stock of fame Cleopatra and Hermoine, next the chaste Penelope from the arms of her Ulysses; and not content with that, had actually separated the true Roxana from the love of Alexander: The other rival had stolen, by surprise, Sylvia and Desdemona, &c.;—and was she to be deprived of her honours by an ignoramus?—alluding to Miss White's *Battle-ax*, as mentioned before. Queen Daly proceeded, and, armed with her constant friend the brandy-bottle, pursued her declaration of wrongs and injuries with great prowess and strength of lungs; the surrounding kings and princes, with the lords in waiting, nodded marks of assent and approbation of their Amazonian tragic queen: they rose and voted their thanks, and unanimously resolved in future not to permit any interloper; but on consideration of my past services, they would for the summer season admit me as a sharer, (as they termed it) and to be restricted to only one benefit, and not as the year before two clear benefits. This proposal I would not by any means accept.—They urged (with truth) that my attraction as to novelty was passed, consequently my friends and the public at large, who had made it a business to attend the theatre to see and support me, would in all probability

decline their frequency of visits, and reserve their cash to serve me on my benefit night, merely for my particular advantage, which weighed materially with their considerations: So, on their not complying with my expectations and proposals, we parted with mutual disdain, rage, and anger at O. P. and P. S.*

I, like my brethren of the Sock and Buskin, laid the fault, as is natural, on the manager in particular, and to all my friends, I related my grievances, as well as to my best patrons, and sowed the seeds of discord with propitious hands, as they from their partiality to me were much enraged; and it actually was the consequence of their encouraging another playhouse to be built, which is the present theatre.—— From trivial causes sometimes matters of importance issue forth, and the banditti (for they were really little better) which existed and exulted (like savage fiends in human shape on the Cornwall coasts, eagerly waiting for a lucky ship-wreck,) on the spoils of war, were soon dispersed by regular forces from Bath; and gin and brandy gave the final period to most of their existences.

* The reader is to understand, O. P. is the side of the stage opposite the prompter, and P. S. the side on which the prompter sits.

At that juncture, (as the war ſtill continued between France and England) July 1760, there was an encampment at Wincheſter of no leſs than eight regiments of militia, and the Earl of Effingham's regiment of regulars, under the command of the preſent Lord's father. The father and ſon were both there, and there were the greateſt number of officers I ever beheld aſſembled together. This brilliant camp was to be ſtationed there for the whole ſummer, unleſs the boaſted French invaſion, at that time ſo much threatened and expected, or ſome particular occurrence intervened and commanded a removal.

The Bath company, headed by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Keaſberry, lured by the fair promiſe of a plentiful harveſt, built a temporary theatre in that city; and finding I was at variance with the grandees of Portſmouth, gave me a very genteel offer to join the forces under their direction, which I accepted with pleaſure, as the change was very ſatisfactory; and for good reaſons, as it promiſed not only to be lucrative but eligible, and particularly pleaſant: and another ſtrong charm which it had with me was variety and novelty; two qualities ever predominant with me in all ſituations, and at that time, from my perpetual change of place, was become habitual. So that for the ſake of variety the city or the village had at different

times equal charms according to my various diſpoſitions. But either would have given me ſatiety, if confined to it alone. And could I live as I pleaſed, now I am writing this in March 1790, I would every ſix weeks or two months be on different ground, and with a full purſe think I could make the whole year very delightful, by being in London, Paris, Bath, Edinburgh, &c.

However to Wincheſter I went, and found it to a high degree agreeable, and the weather added to make it delightful. It was one of the fineſt ſummers I ever remember; and certainly with youth, health, ſpirits, and money in the pocket, a love of acting, gratified and attended with applauſe and ſucceſs at the age of twenty-one years, was an enviable ſituation not to be deſcribed; and all theſe bleſſings at that time I enjoyed, which are ſeldom to be equalled in any ſituation of life.

The enthuſiaſm attendant on a young man poſſeſſed of public favour, and being the utmoſt of the poſſeſſor's wiſhes, can only be felt, for it is not to be deſcribed;—it is a deluſion of magical felicity known to the actor only:—few there are who have at one time that accumulation of good gifts juſt mentioned, and I really then was bleſſed with them all. Not that I now can boaſt thoſe enviable treaſures of health, pleaſure, &c. but as Lady Pentweazle ſays, *I have had my day, Mr.*

Carmine.—But the ſtage has now no charms for me; yet *I cannot but remember* "Such things were, and were moſt precious to me;" and a time, though paſt, which I reflect on and re-act in my imagination with the greateſt ſatisfaction———

> It wakes a glad remembrance of my youth;
> Calls back paſt joys, and warms me into tranſport.

And memory ſometimes gives me a great degree of credit and ſelf-approbation for ſome things—I dare not ſay all:—who can?—I was then upheld by the good and the great; from which aid all proper gratifications were ſupplied. But I never forgot the true reſpect and protection due to my mother, ſo in ſome degree I deſerved the bleſſings I enjoyed.

At Wincheſter I received many favours and civilities, but not from any one ſo particularly as from the Marquis of Taviſtock, eldeſt ſon to his Grace the late Duke of Bedford, to whoſe generoſity and kindneſs I was much obliged.

Miſs Ambroſe, better known now by the name of Egerton, was a moſt agreeable young lady, as was alſo her ſiſter; we uſed to have frequent parties, and have been from that time on a moſt friendly intimacy: Miſs Ambroſe, was that very ſeaſon my Wincheſter Beckey.

The comedy of the Minor, that had met ſo unlucky a fate in Ireland a few months before, was juſt then printed and publiſhed, and was acting with a rage aſtoniſhing. It is not deſcribable the crowds of all degrees that cruſhed in to that little theatre in the Haymarket, night after night in the hotteſt months of the year. The faſhion of not publiſhing is quite modern, and the favourite pieces not being printed, but kept under lock and key, is of infinite prejudice to us poor devils in the country theatres, as we really cannot afford to pay for the purchaſe of MSS.——The only time I ever exerciſed my pen on ſuch an occaſion was on a trial of neceſſity.—Mr. Harris bought that excellent comic opera of the Duenna from Mr. Sheridan; I ſaw it ſeveral times, and finding it impracticable to move Mr. Harris's tenderneſs, I locked myſelf up in my room, ſat down firſt the jokes I remembered, then I laid a book of the ſongs before me, and with magazines kept the regulation of the ſcenes, and by the help of a numerous collection of obſolete Spaniſh plays I produced an excellent opera; I may ſay *excellent*—and an unprecedented compilement; for whenever Mr. Younger, or any other country manager wanted a copy of the Duenna, Mr. Harris told them they might play Mr. Wilkinſon's: hundreds have ſeen it in every town in Great-Britain and Ireland.—

Mrs. Webb has acted the part of the Duenna in *my Opera*, as I call it, many nights at Edinburgh—Mr. Suett, the Jew, at York, &c.

While I was at Winchester his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who had honoured my benefit at Portsmouth in 1758, was at Southampton for his health and the advantage of sea-bathing. I must remark that Southampton, in the year 1760, was not frequented as a fashionable place of resort, but it now stands in equal rank with other various *ducking-places* at present in vogue for the autumn part of the summer.

His Royal Highness frequently paid a visit to the officers at the camp, and often honoured the theatre on those visitations; he recollected first seeing me at Portsmouth, and after at Drury-Lane Theatre in the Diversions of the Morning, &c. and having seen the Minor on its first representation, just before he had left London for Southampton, he sent Col. Pitt to Mr. Keasberry, desiring that piece might be got ready as soon as possible, and Mr. Wilkinson to perform Mr. Foote's characters; and when the comedy was prepared to inform Col. Pitt, and his command might be added at the top of the bill:—This was accordingly done.—By command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Wednesday evening, *August* 13, the MINOR.——Indeed the comedy

was in ſtudy, and would have been ſoon acted, but the unexpected honour was a moſt flattering and lucky ſtroke for *me*, *the piece*, *and Mr. Keaſberry*: It brought a great houſe, and obtained uncommon applauſe, which was increaſed by the attention and diſtinguiſhed marks of approbation beſtowed by His Royal Highneſs.—I was honoured with his thanks by Col. Pitt; and when I with Mr. Griffith and Mr. Keaſberry lighted his Highneſs out of the box, he ſaid to me—"Very well indeed, Wilkinſon! I ſhall command it again."—It was acted four or five times to great houſes.

The whole ſeaſon was indeed a ſcene of uninterrupted harmony and proſperity with our little community.—Indeed Mr. Keaſberry was ſometimes obſtreperous, and actually turned me out of his houſe when the morning gun fired, that being the ſignal for ſending me home to bed. I will here mention a very ludicrous circumſtance that happened on the benefit of Mr. Keaſberry.—Mr. Griffith, at the latter end of our ſeaſon, departed for Dublin, being engaged by Mr. Moſſop, the firſt winter of his oppoſition to Mr. Barry in that city.

Mr. Keaſberry's benefit was on Wedneſday the 1ſt of October; Alexander the Great was the play, got up with great attention: I was the Alexander, (alſo the Richard, Lear, &c.) The

conſtant regularity of the Bath company was ſuch, that the reader may be aſſured there was not any neglect on Mr. Keaſberry's night, but all decorations, &c. were ordered fully equal to what could be afforded.—Statira, Miſs Ambroſe.—All went off with great eclat till the latter part of the fourth act, ſoon after the death of Clytus.—Some olive leaves, &c. intended for decorations, being twiſted and interwoven with little bits of wax, caught fire from the lights, and the flame continuing to blaze the burnt particles occaſioned a ſtrong ſtench—an univerſal cry of "Fire! fire!" prevailed, on which every perſon was alarmed, but not one ſo horridly aghaſt as the dead Clytus, who had expired by the rage of Alexander: he roſe with the agility of a tumbler that would not have diſgraced the Royal Circus; his upriſe and exit were ſo quick, that he threw the immortal Alexander on his back. The late noble Earl of Effingham, who was remarkably corpulent, evinced equal alacrity with dead nimble-footed Clytus, and gave evident proofs of ſuperior agility; for inſtead of making his way to the box-door, he with one ſpring of the utmoſt eaſe, ſwiftneſs, and dexterity, vaulted over the ſide-box, and lighted on his feet on a row in the middle of the pit, ſtanding erect; the feat gave proof to the credit of the carpen-

ter; for it did not yield, but firmly ſupported its ponderous and noble weight.

In a few minutes the trifling cauſe that occaſioned this univerſal panic ſubſided, and was ſoon extinguiſhed; the audience called to order, the ladies inſtead of fainting, being ſurrounded by martial heroes, ſmiled; Lord Effingham returned to his box, but not by the way he went into the pit: No ſooner was his Lordſhip ſettled in *ſtatu quo* than all the gentlemen of the army (for he was univerſally beloved) gave a general ſalutation, which his Lordſhip returned, and after a hearty laugh on all ſides the play was ordered to go on, and old grey-headed Clytus made his ſecond appearance after death, and proſtrated himſelf once more a victim at the feet of Alexander. It appeared ſo truly ridiculous, that the convulſive fits of laughter which involuntarily enſued, may eaſier be conceived than deſcribed; it was truly whimſical, and mutually entertaining. Joy and fear generally run into extremes, as was the caſe; for the remaining part of the fourth act of the tragi-comedy was all laughter: The diſtreſſed princeſs Statira in her alarm had not caught up a blanket (Hecuba like), but actually ran out of her thatched palace to the friendly refuge and aſylum of the firſt clay-cold ditch that opened to receive her; and having recovered from her fears, returned

well escorted to our court of Babylon. So harmony being restored, with a pause for composure before the fifth act commenced, serious faces were once more resumed, and Alexander ordered to be interred in the temple of Jupiter Ammon with all honours, and without disturbance to his remains.

This anecdote of Winchester had escaped my memory had it not been refreshed by a gentleman of fashion who was present at that night's exhibition, and with whom I had the pleasure of supping at Mr. Broadhead's in Portland Place, March 1787, where Mr. Kemble was also at table.—Indeed the present Lord Effingham remembers it perfectly well. As I have taken the liberty to introduce here the late and the present Lord Effingham, I think it highly incumbent for me publicly to acknowledge the favours conferred on me by the late Lord Effingham, at that time at Winchester; and in consequence thereof I have been much honoured, since, by the present Lord and Lady Effingham, for whom I truly hold the most profound and respectful gratitude.

The success of the Minor made me desire a week's furlow to see Mr. Foote perform his characters in the meridian of its glory, which request was complied with.

It had received much retouching and many alterations by the ingenious hand of Mr. Foote,

ſince I had ſeen it the winter before in Ireland.—The Introduction, Smirk the auctioneer, and Dr. Squintum's Epilogue, were all entirely new. I went two or three nights, but with great difficulty got admittance, the crowds to ſee it were ſo numerous. I took that opportunity of hiring a poſt-chaiſe for the day to viſit Cowley, meaning once more to claim and renew my acquaintance with Mr. Rich, who was then at his country-ſeat; but it was not attended with the ſucceſs I wiſhed: he was very civil, but the play-bill from Wincheſter, though aggrandized with his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York's patronage, had not the effect I expected it would have had: One hour was the full length of our *tete-a-tete*. However I did not repent my journey to London, as I had mended my performances in the Minor by ſeeing Mr. Foote's playing the parts, and the better prepared for my next acting of them at Wincheſter, which happened a few days after my return.

I judged, though Mr. Rich and I had not then agreed, it might be brought about, and if not, by my utility and conſequence to the company at Wincheſter, and my friendſhip with Mr. Keaſberry, I depended to a certainty on his intereſt to explain and ſpeak ſo favourably of me to Mr. Arthur, manager of the Bath theatre, that I ſhould ſecure a principal engagement there for

the winter; and believe, had I been reduced to have made the experiment, I ſhould not have flattered myſelf with wrong conjectures, as I am certain Mr. Kenſberry would have done any thing to have ſerved me, and Mr. Arthur, (a ſordid character) would have found it ſuch an agreement as would have anſwered his purpoſe, as indeed it afterwards proved, though not that very year.

I muſt not omit to mention, it was the beſt bred audience at Wincheſter I ever ſaw; I do not remember when any thing went accidently wrong on the ſtage, a ſingle inſtance of ſneering or ill-nature. It was from the beginning of the ſeaſon till the ending, a continued ſcene of the moſt perfect good breeding that could be conceived or practiced; and they were always ready to aſſiſt and relieve the performers when embarraſſed, and never, by loud talking and affected contempt or rudeneſs, diſturbed the theatre or diſtreſſed the actor. And to the credit of the Bath company at Wincheſter be it recorded, though their incomes were not ſuperabundant or ſuperfluous, though an amazing concourſe of people; in the time of war, and proviſions not cheap, but ſcarce and high priced, yet I do not believe one guinea was owing in the town of Wincheſter from a ſingle actor, or the whole collected company of comedians.—*O tempora! O mores!*

This trip from Bath was to the advantage of the players; yet the gentlemen of the army deemed it a compliment to themſelves, and as ſuch requiſite for them to make a return for what they eſteemed a favour: and indeed they were all, from the general down to the enſign, kept to the ſtricteſt military duty. What a relief certainly muſt a decent well-conducted little theatre have been to themſelves and their variety of viſitors from all parts of the kingdom, who came by way of reſpect to ſee their friends in the camp and the general grand review, and alſo as a pleaſant trip of relaxation from London? I do not believe in the courſe of twelve weeks, three gentlemen ever attempted to get behind the ſcenes during the repreſentation: for though the ſtep was eaſy from the pit to the ſtage, the decorum was ſuch that I do not recollect a ſingle infringement. I did twice or thrice ſee Lord Effingham and the Marquis of Taviſtock, and that chiefly on account of benefits: Not that we were deſtitute of female attraction. Mrs. Egerton (then Miſs Ambroſe, the Statira) made ſtrong impreſſions on ſeveral; but on no one of note with ſuch unmerciful havock as on the heart of the Marquis of Taviſtock. I have entertained doubts that he ſubdued the fortreſs; for to my knowledge the Marquis offered large and munificent terms for

capitulation with all the honours of war, with "such accommodation and besort as levelled with "her breeding." But when women stand a siege they are hard to be conquered, and generally subdue the boldest. If she had capitulated and yielded at discretion, she would have been more envied than censured: for I had then never seen the universal great and good qualities of the mind, and elegance of figure, so conspicuously united in one man, as I did in the Marquis of Tavistock. He was indeed when he died a loss to his illustrious family, his friends, and the nation, and as an individual, a great one to me; and will by me, ever while I have memory to recollect, be mentioned with regard for his goodness and the partiality he honoured me with. Those who recollect the Marquis will not think I have said too much, but rather given a faint drawing of the original. As the Marquis never forgot he was a man of quality and a soldier; so he never gave his inferiors cause to imagine he was not speaking to a gentleman.

Having made my observations on the extraordinary elegant demeanor of that noble military audience, I beg to be permitted to express what I have often felt for myself, and sympathized on the same account with my fellow comedians, when not only wantonly insulted, but too often

by the willfully rude behaviour from different parts of the theatre. I do not mean to confine it to the front, ſide, or ſtage boxes; though it is no more ſtrange than true, that it too often comes from thoſe places of moſt faſhionable reſort.—There ſurely is nothing ſo barbarous, ſo uncivilized, ſo unlike a real gentleman, as the exerciſing this inhuman, this torturing, affected diſpoſition; for after all it proceeds in fact from affectation, the overflow of youthful minds, primed by the circling glaſs: Even the ladies are not always blameleſs in this reſpect, but excite their own mirth, by the putting their fellow creatures on the rack; ſurely the poſſeſſor of delicate feelings would ſhudder at knowing he or ſhe was the cauſe of ſuch miſery. And is it not excruciating when you work upon the mind of another? The phyſician can adminiſter for all ills but that, and therein Dr. Shakſpeare ſays,

The patient muſt adminiſter to himſelf.

I do not mean to dictate to perſons who honour the theatre often that they are to be under the confinement of conſtant attention; (for moſt of the good houſes are perhaps on faſhionable nights, when, as to what the play is, does not ſignify the flirt of a fan), but they ſhould avoid behaviour, which in a foreign theatre would not be tolerated. And only let the feeling mind re-

flect what a leſſening to beauty and fortune, what a diſtortion ſuch ſtrange fits occaſion, when they ſo far forget themſelves as to deſcend to a level with their *deemed* inferiors, and put that beauty into the hands of an ill-natured painter: for players, *by the bye*, are painters, and though not bred artiſts, can ſometimes ſteal from Shakſpeare's portaits, and produce ſo ſtrong a caricature, that though they may laugh, it does not give pleaſure to their all ſeeming gaiety: For acting is not confined to the ſtage—but

> All men and women are merely players:
> They have their exits and their entrances.

All the modes of diſtreſſing actors and audiences, effectually baffle every effort from the performer: for he is immediately told by ſuch inſinuation, that he is a perſon of inferiority, who no body knows, though poſſibly a real gentleman and of family (though not a ſon of Fortune, but Misfortune) and is in conſequence degraded as the player; his attempts immediately vaniſh, and the mock prince ſinks ſuddenly to Mr. *A.* or Mr. *B.* and he muſt reſt quiet (without hazarding the incurring of ſpleen, anger, &c.) and *ſubmit* to ſuch uſurping tyranny as would diſgrace the very inflictors to practice on their moſt menial dependents. O! ladies and gentlemen only reflect on the fable of the boys and the frogs——

> That what is ſport to you, is death to us.

Would that ſuch laughers did more reſpect themſelves! could they behold a mirror at the moment, they would ſoon perceive by change of counnance that Dr. Young ſpoke truth, when he ſaid of woman——

> That Heaven is pleaſed to make diſtreſs become her,
> And dreſſes her moſt amiably in tears.

And what is more extraordinary in this mode of wantonneſs (for I can term it no other) is, that theſe perſons limit their demeanour according to the place they are in. At Edinburgh or Bath, rarely ſuch littleneſs is ſeen from ſuperiority; ſo much the contrary, that the Twigs of Faſhion from every county, when in the boxes at Bath or London, ſit as gentle as lambs, and are aſtoniſhed at the barbarity of any noiſe whatever, that may in the leaſt diſturb the favourite actor or actreſs. But here let the topic reſt; for unleſs the true feelings of ladies and gentlemen will aid to conſtitute that amiable character, and plead in their breaſts in behalf of ſtage tragedy-heroes, and ſtage-ladies of quality, all I can urge would be of no effect.

I remember ſome perſons being called to order in the ſide boxes from the pit, when *Virginia* was acting at Drury-Lane. Mrs. Cibber acted that part, after which ſhe had to ſpeak the following lines in the epilogue; which had a moſt won-

derful effect on the aggreſſors, and was outrageouſly reliſhed by the applauding audience.—

May I approach unto the boxes pray,
And there ſearch out a judgment on the play?
In vain alas! I ſhould attempt to find it!
Fine ladies ſee a play, but never mind it:
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted paſſion,
Or form opinions till they're fixed by Faſhion.

Moſt theatrical hiſtories are made up by pages upon pages from Cibber, Betterton, Victor, Davies, and others, ſo in fact they are no more than compilements, which makes me unwilling to give the following extract from Cibber; but as he is clever, and I naturally wiſh proſperity to the *ſock* and *buſkin*, I think a few lines from ſo able a maſter will be more acceptable than any thing I can offer on the ſubject.

Cibber ſays, "Notwithſtanding all my beſt endeavours to recommend the profeſſion of an actor, to amore general favour, I doubt while he is liable to more unlimited inſults, as I have already mentioned; I doubt I ſay, we muſt ſtill leave him a-drift with his intrinſic merit, to ride out the ſtorm as well as he is able.

"However let us now turn to the other ſide of this account and ſee what advantages ſtand there to balance the misfortunes I have laid before you. There we ſhall ſtill find ſome valuable articles of

credit, that ſometimes over pay his incidental diſgraces.

" Firſt, if he has ſenſe he will conſider, that as theſe indignities are ſeldom or *ever* offered him by people that are remarkable *for any one good quality*, he ought not to lay them too cloſe to his heart: He will know too, that when malice, envy, or brutal nature, can ſecurely hide or fence themſelves in a multitude, virtue, merit, innocence, and even ſovereign ſuperiority have been, and muſt be, equally liable to their inſults; that therefore when they fall upon him in the ſame manner, his intrinſic value cannot be diminiſhed by them: On the contrary, if with a decent and unruffled temper he lets them paſs, the diſgrace will return upon his aggreſſor, and perhaps warm the generous ſpectator into a partiality in his favour. That while he is conſcious that as an actor, he muſt be always in the hands of injuſtice, it does him, at leaſt this involuntary good that it keeps him in a ſettled reſolution to avoid all occaſions of provoking it, or of even offending the loweſt enemy, who at the expence of a ſhilling may publicly revenge it. That if he excels on the ſtage, and is irreproachable in his perſonal morals and behaviour, his profeſſion is ſo far from being an impediment, that it will be oftener a juſt reaſon for his being received among people of condition

with favour, and ſometimes with a more ſocial diſtinction, than the beſt though more profitable trade he might have followed could have recommended him to.

" What a bleſſing, therefore, is it—what an enjoyed deliverance! after an actor has been driven by fortune to ſtand ſo many wanton buffets of unmanly fierceneſs, to find himſelf at laſt quietly lifted above the reach of them.—Now, though I have ſometimes known theſe gallant inſulters of audiences draw themſelves into ſcrapes which they have leſs honourably got out of, yet, alas! what has that availed:—This generous public-ſpirited method of ſilencing a few, was but repelling the diſeaſe in one part to make it break out in another. All endeavours at protection are new provocations to thoſe who pride themſelves in puſhing their courage to a defiance of humanity. Even when a royal reſentment has ſhewn itſelf in the behalf of an injured actor, it has been unable to defend him from farther inſults! An inſtance of which happened in the late King James's time. Mr. Smith (whoſe character as a gentleman could have been no way impeached, had he not degraded it by being a celebrated actor) had the misfortune in a diſpute with a gentleman behind the ſcenes to receive a blow from him: The ſame night an account of this action was carried to the

King, to whom the gentleman was repreſented ſo groſsly in the wrong, that the next day his Majeſty ſent to forbid him the court upon it. This indignity caſt upon a gentleman, only for having maltreated a player, was looked upon as the concern of every gentleman; and a party was ſoon formed to aſſert and vindicate their honour by humbling this favoured actor, whoſe ſlight injury had been judged equal to ſo ſevere a notice. Accordingly the next time Smith acted he was received with a chorus of cat-calls, that ſoon convinced him he ſhould not be ſuffered to proceed in his part: upon which, without the laſt diſcompoſure, he ordered the curtain to be dropped; and having a competent fortune of his own, thought the conditions of adding to it, by his remaining upon the ſtage, were too dear, and from that day entirely quitted it. I ſhall make no obſervation upon the King's reſentment, or on that of his good ſubjects; how far either was or was not right, is not the point I diſpute for. Be that as it may, the unhappy condition of the actor, was ſo far from being relieved by this royal interpoſition in his favour, that it was the worſe for it. While theſe ſort of real diſtreſſes, on the ſtage are ſo unavoidable, it is no wonder that young people of ſenſe (though of low fortune) ſhould be ſo rarely found to ſupply a ſucceſſion of good actors.—

Why then may we not in ſome meaſure, impute the ſcarcity of them to the wanton inhumanity of thoſe ſpectators who have made it ſo terribly mean to appear there? Were there no ground for this queſtion, where could be the diſgrace of entering into a ſociety, whoſe inſtitution, when not abuſed, is a delightful ſchool of morality; and where to excel requires as ample endowments of nature as any one profeſſion (that of Holy Inſtitution excepted) whatſoever?——But, alas! as Shakſpeare ſays——

> Where's that palace whereinto ſometimes
> Foul things intrude not?——

The beſt things are liable to corruption, and the errors of a theatre is no diſproof of its innate and primitive utility."

Garrick obſerved, that twenty-four years playing the fool claimed allowance for ſuch tedious labour. Now I have been thirty-three years in this perplexing buſineſs, with infirmities helping to enfeeble; and it is not in my power or inclination to be much longer an actor. An old man (it has been obſerved by an eminent writer) acted well by a young one is truly entertaining; but performed by a real old man is lamentable, and not to be borne. It is therefore evident men ſhould quit the ſtage (if practicable) at a certain

time of life, and women earlier, leſt they incur with Prior's Lady—

> Pity Betterton in age,
> That ridicules the Godlike rage.

Not but a good old woman is on the ſtage, as well as in life, at any time worth fifty bad young ones. A gentleman, like-manner, being tipſy, naturally exhibited, is very pleaſant; but a *rêal* drunken man we will kindly ſuppoſe never was or ever will be ſeen on the ſtage.

Having been ſo free on the ſuppoſition of being a ſpectator, I cannot in idea take leave of the ſtage with an eaſy mind and ſit quiet, unleſs I ſpeak of what is much more reprehenſible, and a more egregious fault in performers, than any I have mentioned or can inſert of an audience.

Many allowances from accident may be made for young perſons of rank in their *gaieté de cœur*; but what can be ſaid for the outrages or rather audacious behaviour of too many performers, who thunder out their diſapprobation, and the cruel inſults they receive occaſionally from the audience; but would ſuch performers more ſtrictly adhere to their duty, and preſerve more their own propriety, they could then with more reaſon and real juſtice complain. It grieves me to ſay the conduct of players on the ſtage is too often unjuſtifiable, and not to be defended, and ſhould always be re-

prehended by the audience in the fevereſt degree. They ſhould conſider that Mr. Garrick, who had attained an immenſe fortune, when on the boards, laid himſelf liable to the cenſure or applauſe of the audience.

As an inſtance that the audience know their power, the late lively-ſpirited, good-natured Nicholſon Stewart of Edinburgh, a man of family and fortune, who knew every gentleman and lady in that city without exception, when he preſented himſelf on the ſtage for Hamlet, Romeo, or Pierre, (whenever he acted it was always for a public charity) the audience did not pay their money to ſet up their friend as an idol, unleſs he proved himſelf worthy to be worſhipped; and tho' that gentleman did actually poſſeſs ſterling merit, yet he wanted much to make a complete Hamlet or a perfect Pierre, but as a ſtage-ſtruck genius (like Mr. Vapid) they would judge of him as to his merits more or leſs as an actor.

It is not ſo eaſy to mount the ſtage and pleaſe as many imagine; for when the audience were informed Mr. Stewart (on the night of his acting Pierre) had fallen down a trap, and thereby put a ſtop to the play for a ſhort ſpace, the impanneled jury of the pit, inſtead of commiſerating his painful tumble, burſt out into an involuntary roar of laughter——Dr. Franklin ſays,

> The Critic firſt we baniſh from our ſeſſion,
> Death is his trade, and damning his profeſſion:
> Diſqualified, becauſe (to ſay no further)
> Butchers are never heard in caſe of murder.

But had that gentleman (Mr. Stewart) been in a room with any of thoſe perſons, and fallen down or fainted, every one would have been moſt anxiouſly concerned, and have run to his aſſiſtance.

An actor ſhould conſider that when the firſt man in a county ſets up for a member of parliament, he is obliged to ſolicit and uſe humiliating application, (aye, and the right application too) if he hopes to gain his election; but then he has the happy conſolation to know and feel *it is all for the good of his country.*

From the king to the miniſter, and from the miniſter to the king, at times, diſagreeable condeſcenſion muſt in ſome degree happen:—It is humiliating when the moſt deſpotic monarch cannot carry all his points:—France and Germany have lately afforded ſtriking inſtances.—*The cobbler and his laſt* ſhould never be forgotten;—and no man by any means feels the leaſt mortification or diſappointment in a more ſtinging degree than the very proud man, who looks down even on his equals with a haughty and ſupercilious eye: therefore when ſuch a great character is ſeen not deign-

ing to look at or know you, there yet is a certain conſolation, that *that* very great man has often checks that cut him to the ſoul, gall his pride, and make him miſerable, and the leaſt trifle of ſlight from his ſuperior is inſupportable and irritating to the end of his life—The actor or the poor man feels it only momentarily, for at the corner of the next ſtreet he poſſibly meets a real gentleman who makes double and treble amends, and the proud man is no more thought of but as he deſerves.

There are many who profeſs to the actor great friendſhip by giving him an invitation for the evening, but the day after do not know how to meet him with civility, leſt the common eaſy mode of behaviour ſhould occaſion a contagion or appear diſgraceful to themſelves:—Indeed I have not much reaſon to complain of this, but I have ſeen it often practiſed—though ſeldom in the metropolis.

I have not any right to animadvert on the private conduct of actors, for there are at the theatres many whoſe rectitude is ſo praiſe-worthy, that I might take leſſons, and wiſh to equal and emulate them.

Actors are too likely from their nocturnal line of revels and conviviality, to be led into the love of company, which begets a cheerful glaſs, the cheerful glaſs begets a late hour, and theſe habits

increaſe into a cuſtom (as with myſelf) and cauſe a thouſand frailties, follies and faults, and too often occaſion terrible neglect at the fountain head, the theatre, from whence all their real credit and reputation muſt ſpring: I therefore entreat and beſeech, if the performers ſincerely wiſh the ſtage to be reſpectable, that they will produce ſamples of regularity and attention, and I will venture to affirm the reformation will not paſs unobſerved.

If a ſuperior is obliged to act his part in life, the comedian ſhould know his name as is in the bill to act the part announced to the public, and that he ſhould execute it to the beſt of his abilities; more cannot be expected.—But how can he or ſhe expect attention or regard from an audience, when the performers ſo frequently treat that audience with freedom, nay apparent neglect? and nothing but ſevere reprobation and anger will effectually cure laughing at the audience, and entertaining themſelves with low indecent jokes and a volley of oaths not in the parts, and often ſpoke of to their great diſcredit at the tabernacle, and too often the manager blamed for not preventing ſuch impromptu's, which is not in his power, and even the females ſtaring into the ſtage-boxes and ſmiling at their acquaintance, acting all to the pit, not directing their diſcourſe to the perſon on the ſtage, and Horatio, though ſo enjoined to at-

tend to the buſineſs of the play, employs all that time by apparently numbering the houſe.

If the actors wiſh for regard, they ſhould treat the theatre each morning certainly with the ſame degree of reſpect they would obſerve in the moſt common ſchool-room; rehearſe the play with ſerious attention, and not with riot and diſcord; thereby giving the ſtage opponents ſuch full ſcope to exclaim, that the theatre proves itſelf a ſchool of anarchy and diſorder by the perpetual ſlander many performers beſtow on their colleagues: For 10l. more in one houſe on a benefit than in another, will raiſe a jealouſy not to be ſubdued for a month.

A little application to the ſtudy of authors and criticiſms in general would mend many actors and actreſſes; but rehearſals too frequently reſemble a game at ſchool-boys play, and inſtead of preparing for the ſtage like gentlemen, they are acting in the ſtyle and behaviour of Chriſtmas-ſtreet country mummers.

Do not let the reader conceive the theatre ſuch a bear-garden as to render this picture neceſſary for the performers in the country in general, far from it; I am only ſpeaking the ſentiments of liberal minds, who are hurt at ſeeing ſuch vulgar and unpardonable behaviour from a few egregiouſly ill-bred, whom reaſoning would only inflame and

make their company ſtill worſe: and the audience have often too much patience when they paſs over ſuch repeated faults by too much indulgence, which the wrong-headed actor places to approbation and his own merit.

It is not arrogant or preſumptive to alledge, that many gentlemen and ladies of the ſtage have deſerved and received every reſpectful compliment, and that real gentlemen of family have been actors with credit to themſelves and their connections, and that perſons of no pedigree have proved themſelves ornaments to the ſtage and to human nature, by the aſſiſtance only of amazing genius and talents, and that ſuch have arrived to the ſummit of perfection, is as evident as the noon-day ſun, and will be continuing to ariſe occaſionally (like comets) till time ſhall be no more.

We all have our faults, as actors and actreſſes in the world's drama, and without being too hard on the ſtage—let each go pluck the beam out of his own eye, and then he will ſee clearly to pluck the mote out of his brother's eye. Actors before they wiſh to expoſe the errors of each other, which, when exaggerated, they blazon trifles, like making mountains of mole-hills, or reſembling the ſtory of the three black crows,—a gentleman in his illneſs having diſcharged ſomething almoſt as black as a crow.

As to the good word of a Methodiſt it cannot be expected; becauſe if real charity or candour is wanted, it is much more likely to come from the ſtage than from a conventicle; and a methodiſt and a player, like a ſpider and a toad, are natural enemies, each party uſing his lungs in hopes of a crowded benefit.

Actors ſhould never run into debt, (a hard injunction!) for they may be aſſured a day of payment will be expected, and what is worſe, that *one* ſuch black ſheep gives the idea of diſhoneſty to a whole troop; which is very hard, and might with as much propriety be thrown on any other profeſſion, that many ſhould be blamed for the faults of a few.

Running into debts that can be avoided leſſens in every degree the actor's darling paſſion, that is, his ideal conſequence; and there is another that actors incur, which manifeſts negligence, and is, as Mr. Garrick told Shuter, *not to be too comical.* O comical actor! it is a debt, and a dangerous debt, not eaſily forgot or forgiven; for how can the performer think that though perhaps the town laſt night laughed and gave indulgence that he is free? ſo far from it, he has loſt the golden ore, their good opinion, and it will take a long time to regain it: For the actor is dreadfully wrong who thinks, becauſe himſelf and friends laugh at what

is termed jokes out of all *time, place, and character*, it is forgiven in general, and not set down against him, and mentioned for a twelvemonth at least with spleen and rancour by the judicious; and though this may be cruel, it is in some degree just, and should not be so frequently deserved. I would have all thirst for applause, but let the means pursued be professional and characteristic to deserve it.

In London an actor must be at least near right before he is established; out of London an actor seldom gets into favour and popularity, but he too frequently in consequence leaves the right road for the wrong, that is, he studies to quit nature, and endeavours to obtain *false* applause by any means, no matter how acquired:—"that is villainous," and in the end it destroys the good seeds of promise, and proves a pitiful ambition in the knave that uses it, be it a tragedian or comedian; for the same ill-judged means may be practised as much almost by the one as the other. In the green-room the jokes on this occasion are "bringing them down;" and "we have been running our lengths."

Laughing on the stage at our own witticisms is another lamentable, not comical fault:—Not that I would mean to be so rigid as not to allow for an accident, or once in a way a well-timed joke,

provided it suits time, place, and character. If the joke be ever so good, yet if the actor is performing as a Spaniard or a Frenchman, and reprobates either, all wit or sense is destroyed, and the actor truly censurable.

Mr. Garrick was perhaps the most rigid man in the world as to this discipline, yet I remember a sly joke whispered by Mrs. Clive in *her good humour*, that put Mr. Garrick so off his guard, that he was seized with a fit of laughing, and that so violently, that he could not finish the Way to Keep Him, but was obliged, after two or three efforts, to make his bow amidst a roar of electrical laughter. But this was merely the effect of chance, and perhaps never before occurred in his life-time, so as to be really mastered by the whim of the Flying Meteor: it was therefore not only very justly pardoned, but enjoyed and applauded. Had even Mr. Garrick the next night done the same, it would have been very properly judged the greatest contempt that could be offered, nor would he have forgiven himself; and had he been ten Garricks in one, he would not have escaped censure and disapprobation:—For though an audience may laugh out of place, yet it is the actor's profession, and that profession cannot be so truly degraded as when the professors turn the most difficult art in the world, to arrive at excel-

lence in, into ridicule, and tell the audience it is not ſuch a character before them, but the humourous negligent Mr. Wou'd-be the actor.

A circumſtance relating to laughter on the ſtage once occurred to myſelf at the Haymarket theatre in 1764, and as I have been mentioning errors in moſt theatres, permitted out of London from too great lenity, it leads me to point out a proper cure for the fault of laughing.—I was that year an eſtabliſhed favourite in London. One evening as Mr. Foote and myſelf were acting Tragedy A-la-Mode, the farce was going on with high reliſh; but in my dying ſcene of Golcondas ſomething ludicrous occurred and I laughed, Mr. Foote laughed, and then the audience laughed, and all was pleaſantry, good humour, approbation, and the curtain dropped with mutual ſatisfaction. The next night as I was performing the ſame part at the ſame place, I again took the ſame liberty to be comical, but it was where I ſhould have been ſad, and an univerſal ſevere hiſs, with ſtrong marks of anger, reſounded throughout the whole theatre, which changed my merriment, and convinced me of the impropriety and error I had been guilty of, by making me feel the only effectual means and mode of correction, and I have remembered the leſſon ever ſince, and wiſh every actor and actreſs, who take the ſame preſumptive

freedom with an audience, would *read* this and *remember me*.

How fooliſh does a giggling man or woman appear in company, when, like Wowſki, they grin, ſhew teeth, and laugh without knowing for why? but what can look ſo truly ridiculous as *performers* laughing out of character at they know not what?—Out of the metropolis, actors dreſs many footmen like boors, which would lead a cockney, on ſeeing a play out of London, to imagine many gentlemen's ſervants in the country were as different in materials and ſagacious qualities, as a Bath turnſpit compared to a lady's Italian greyhound.—Another reformation neceſſary is, the great compoſure with which ladies and gentlemen on the ſtage throw elegant bound volumes, &c. into ponds, rivers, &c. which cannot occur in genteel life, unleſs by great ſurpriſe, illneſs, or unexpected inſanity.

Stage monarchs and heroes that o'erſtep the modeſty of nature in blank verſe may be permitted to throw valuable trinkets about at pleaſure—It is not out of character for the uſurping Richard to toſs away the prayer-book as diſagreeable and uſeleſs after the lord mayor has taken his leave, for it has ſerved his end, and is to him then like lumber, fit only to be thrown aſide and ſcorned. Thoſe actions, too frequently practiſed

and permitted in the theatre, as the fine gentleman in modern life, are a violation of all probability, character, and decorum. When Mr. Reddish first performed in Dublin, he inserted a paragraph informing the public that he was a gentleman of easy fortune: But as he was acting Sir John Dorilant in the School for Lovers, and walking in his garden, perusing a book most elegantly bound, on the approach of his beloved Celia he threw the handsome volume into a ditch: A gentleman in the pit seeing him do so, said to Mr. Macklin, who sat near him, "Pray, Sir, do you think that conduct natural?" "Why, no, Sir," replied Macklin gravely, "not as Sir John Dorilant, but strictly natural as Mr. Reddish: for you know, Sir, he has advertised himself as a gentleman of easy fortune."

Letters on the stage are in general wrote in as little time as signing the name only would require, and signing the name in less than the two initial letters.

I fear I have tired my gracious reader;—but if out of ninety and nine I can reform one actor, I obtain a theatrical proselyte for his own and the public good, I gain my end, and solicit forgiveness for my tediousness.

I have made so many professions as to my Winchester partiality, that I think my veracity must be

doubted, by having so long neglected my indispensable duty at the camp-theatre, and return now, not as a deserter, but a willing volunteer, and mention that my benefit was on Friday, September 12, and was honoured with every attendance I could possibly hope for.——The play was The Confederacy; my Dish of Tea, with the farce of Lethe:—I played Mrs. Amlet, Lord Chalkstone, and the Old Man. I had many genteel presents from Lord Tavistock, and several of the leading gentlemen of the army. About that time Mr. Garrick had some dispute and quarrel with my friend Mr. Macklin, and had to a certainty purloined his favourite farce of Love A-la-Mode, then in high rage of fashion with the public, both from its novelty and real attractive merits; and so eager was he to hurt (if possible) Mr. Macklin's property in that excellent piece, that he wished to do it by the means of a division of the spoils, as Macklin was engaged at Covent-Garden: Nay, it is evident, to have obtained that desired object, he would have run the hazard of a law-suit, tho' he knew it must have ended to his dishonour; but in that instance his spleen outwent his policy, as the insertion of the following letters to me will decidedly prove. I never mentioned the matter to Mr. Macklin, as it would have caused mischief between him and Mr. Garrick.

"DEAR SIR,

"THE managers have desired me to inform you "that if you play the Scotchman in Love A-la-"Mode, they will give you for every time that "you shall perform the part two guineas; and if "you mingle in the other business, you shall have "your old salary besides, and a benefit in course of "salary when you return from Ireland. I wish "you had called upon me when in town, for I "always think that matters are sooner adjusted "by one meeting of the parties than by a thou-"sand letters. The managers desire their com-"pliments to you. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient

"Very humble servant,

26 *August*, 1760. "GEO. GARRICK."

"*P. S.* Pray send an answer by return of the "post, for I am going out of town soon."

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE communicated the contents of your "last to the managers, and they think you are too "hard with them.—They are willing to give you "two guineas for every time that you shall play "Sir Archy, and will engage that you shall play "it fifteen times at least, and that you shall have

" your old salary, be permitted to make your ex-
" cursions, during which time you are not to re-
" ceive any salary; but if you return before the
" benefits, or shall play in any of their nights at
" your return, that then your salary shall be con-
" tinued from the time of your return, and you
" be entitled to your benefit into the bargain—
" they cannot possibly do more. If the terms are
" agreeable to you, please to let my brother know,
" for I go into Derbyshire on Monday next, and
" they will send you the part directly.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Your most obedient,

" Humble servant,

" GEO. GARRICK."

4th September, 1760.

" SIR, " *Hampton, Sept.* 18, 1760.

" I RECEIVED yours, and shall answer it di-
" rectly.—I can scarcely think that you are in
" earnest with us from your last proposition.—
" You must know that it is impossible, from
" the nature of a theatre, to let you have a bene-
" fit before Christmas: you must fix with us, or
" be off immediately. Mr. Lacey and I will agree
" to give the two guineas per night for the acting
" Sir Archy; and during the run, or as long as

"that farce continues to be acted we will allow "you your former salary. When the farce is laid "aside you shall have liberty to go adventuring, "and when you return shall have a benefit as "usual; and if employed in Sir Archy, or other-"wise, your salary shall be continued to you.—— "This is proposed to you to hinder any more cor-"respondence.—Say *aye* or *no* in your next by the "next post; and we desire that you will keep this "matter a *profound secret*, and study the part in "all haste, and *secretly*. I am, dear Sir,

"Your truly well-wisher

"And humble servant,

"D. GARRICK."

These epistles remind me——

An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

The terms offered in those letters were truly despicable for the considered undertaking. Surely the labourer deserves his hire, particularly as it was really a service of danger which he artfully wished me to undertake? for I was to engage and fight: and if any spoils or harvest was to be acquired from the field of battle, he intended, like generals of *former* ages, to have reaped all the advantages himself; I therefore positively declined

any engagement whatever—Falſtaff like I would no more into the buck-baſket, rather preferring a winter ſituation out of London, than to be hampered by Mr. Garrick as his hobby-horſe, unleſs well paid for all his cutting and flaſhing. Notwithſtanding Mr. Rich had refuſed my profered ſervices, (which ſeldom are held in value) before I made my determination how to arrange my engagements, I once more ſteered for dear London, and left Winchester in the middle of October, to ſee what was going forward in the great world; but not with likelihood of any continuance there that year of our Lord. On the day of my departure Lord Taviſtock honoured me with a preſent of fruit in a hamper well packed; I ſet off highly gratified with the gift, but much more ſo from the very flattering kindneſs of the compliment, than by the value of the donation: and to prove how good events are ſometimes produced by trifles, as once on a time the cackling of geeſe ſaved a city, ſo I, on my arrival in London, judged that this hamper of Bury pears, &c. would be a genteel and very acceptable preſent to Mr. Rich, and more ſo, as the fruit would keep with care for ſome weeks at that ſeaſon of the year; and I added to the ſaid hamper a very fine hare. In London theſe things are eſteemed preſents, but in Yorkſhire I am under ſuch conſtant obligations to

my friends, that I have not the leaſt reaſon to regret I am not a ſportſman to be my own provider, or not poſſeſſed of a park or game-keeper, as I have conſtantly ſome kind remembrancer that ſupplies me.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

A30901 033670

Surplus copy sold by
The Berkshire Athenaeum

V2
RS
927-9242
W65